EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND

TO THE EDITOR:

We beg to call attention to this new and very cheap edition of ROGER'S TRAVELS, by the well-known children's Evangelist, Rev. E. Payson Hammond. Mr. Hammond's hope is to reach through these pages and in this attractive form thousands of children whom he could not hope to reach more directly. At the nominal price of 15 cents a copy, postpaid; or, only 10 cents per copy in quantities to schools, it is believed the work will be widely circulated.

TH

[illegible] TRAVELS;

OR,

SCENES AND INCIDENTS

CONNECTED WITH

JOURNEY OF TWO BOYS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

BY

E. PAYSON HAMMOND, M. A.,

AUTHOR OF "JESUS THE WAY," "CHILDREN AND JESUS," "JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES," "JESUS' LAMBS," "GOLDEN GLEANINGS," ETC.

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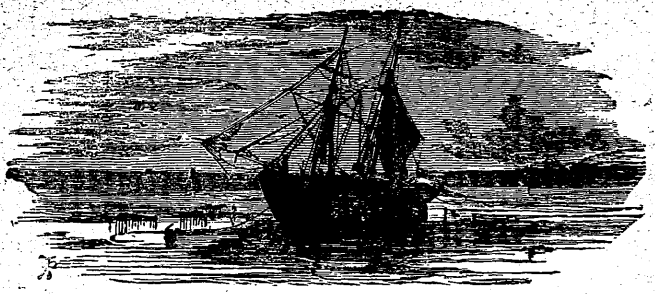


ROGER'S TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

Starting for Holland—Buoy in harbour—First sight of Rotterdam—Windmills—Erasmus—Dort—The great flood—One hundred thousand people destroyed—"A bad drop of water"—Voltaire—"The good drop of water"—"I can exert an influence"—John Knox—A boy's influence—Dogs drawing carts—Spanish invasion—Slaughter of cats—A family saved—Christ's death for us.

"HOW are we to get to Holland, uncle?"

"To-night at seven our party will leave the Great Eastern station for Harwich, where we shall find a steamboat for Rotterdam."

"I hope the German Ocean will not be rough, for I hate the thought of being sea-sick again; and auntie dislikes it as much as I."

"It is a calm night, and I think we shall have a pleasant passage, and when we wake to-morrow morning we shall see Rotterdam full in view."

While on board the steamer, as we were passing out of the harbour, Roger noticed in the twilight what appeared to be a small boat.

"What is that?" said he. "There are some men out there ringing a bell, I believe."

"No, Roger; that is a *buoy*, with a contrivance which causes the bell to ring day and night. Do you know what it is saying?"

"No. I did not hear it say anything."

"Ah, that bell is saying to every passing sailor, 'There is danger here. Don't come too near this place. There are rocks in the water that will break your ship in pieces if you do not mind what I say.'"

"But what makes the bell ring, uncle?"

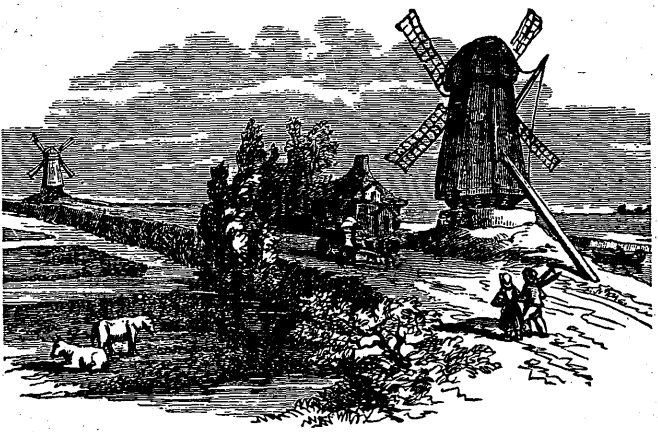
"Why, don't you see that every motion of the water moves the bell, and so it talks to every careless sailor that may be passing by.

"Some of these buoys are also worked by machinery, so that even in a calm sea they warn the passers-by of danger. Does not this remind us that Christians, young and old, constrained by the love of Christ, should kindly warn those sailing on the sea of life of the hidden rocks of sin? There are many of every kind on which the careless are in danger of making shipwreck.

"But it is getting late, the lights in the harbour of Harwich grow more and more faint, and the crowd on board the boat are all eager to find a pillow on which to lay their heads.

"Let us go down into the cabin and see if we can find our berth. Not one left! So we must lie down on one of the cushioned seats in the saloon."

It was a calm still night. In the morning we awoke and found ourselves sailing up the river Maas. We hastened on deck and found many there before us, all eager to catch their first view of Holland. Everything looked strange. We saw many long-armed



WINDMILLS NEAR ROTTERDAM.

windmills busy at work pumping water or grinding grain.

"See, uncle, our steamer is higher than the land around us!"

"Ah, yes, Roger. If one of those dykes, or mounds, should give way the whole country would be quickly covered with water, but each of those dykes is watched day and night lest by any possible means the smallest

drop of water should leak through some crevice and gradually become a volume of water, and rush forth with such violence that thousands of men could not stop it.

"A little boy was once told by his father to watch the dyke while he went home, but when his father was gone some boys came by and asked him to go and play with them. He did so, but when they returned the water was just creeping in. He shouted for his father; but when he came the water was rushing through with such force that he could not stop it, nor those who came with him; and thousands of men, women, and children were drowned. If he had given the warning in time their lives might have been saved.

"Have you not sometimes felt thankful to your teacher or parents when they warned you against an unseen danger?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I have."

"You should have thanked them for it. I felt like thanking that bell last night for telling our captain where those hidden rocks were. How many would have thanked that little boy if, instead of running off to play, he had raised his voice aloud when he saw the danger, and sounded the alarm. He could not have been a Christian boy, I am sure, for if he had he would have obeyed his father. He did not heed the command, 'Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' Disobedience is a great sin, and has caused the death of multitudes."

"What are those carriages standing there in a row for, uncle?"

"They are to take us to the New Bath Hotel."

"How fat the horses are!"

"Yes; there are no hills for them to pull heavy loads up and down, and they are not made to go very fast."

After breakfast we started, with a local guide, and drove about the city. We took a good look at the house where the great ERASMUS was born in 1469. In a niche in the front wall was a small statue of this pioneer of the reformation in Holland.

"Who was Erasmus, uncle?"

"Let us go first and see his fine monument. We may learn something there about him. We shall find that he died, at the age of sixty-seven, in the year 1536. Ten volumes of his works were published at Leyden. He saw the danger of all Europe being flooded with sin and error, and boldly lifted up his voice in the defence of the truth. He helped to make Holland a Protestant country. You may not live to do as much as Erasmus did, but if you trust in Jesus as he did, and day by day say with Paul, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' He will give you strength to do His will, and it may be long after you have left this world, some one may ask the way to *your* grave, as I did to that of Erasmus at Basle, in Switzerland, eighteen years ago."

As we were standing a short distance from the monument of Erasmus in the public square, our guide said, "We are now eleven feet lower than the ocean."

"What will you do," asked Roger, "when some night the dykes give way, and the water comes rushing in upon you?"

"Ah, I do not want to be here then," said the guide, with a shrug of his shoulders, as if he had often thought what a dreadful thing it would be for Rotterdam if the high banks were broken through and the ocean let in among them.

I replied, "Twenty-six years ago I was in Holland and talked to some people about the danger of these dykes giving way, but they expressed no alarm; yet, I think, it was the next year one of the high banks built to keep out the water of the great deep broke, and many lost their lives."

"Well," he replied, "we *try* to forget it and to believe that there is no danger; and the lower part of the houses are built so that if a flood does come it will not get into them very much."

I said, "You in Rotterdam remind us of those who try to forget that the waters of sin around them are in danger of bursting upon them and carrying them away to death."

"Will you tell us, guide," asked Roger, "when there is a great storm out on the ocean and the wind is blowing inland, what the people do to keep the water from breaking through the dykes?"

"Well, sometimes the waves of the German Ocean rush with great power up the river by which you came yesterday morning. Then the alarm bell tells the story to all far and near that the water is rushing furiously against the high embankments. Then every

person, old and young, hastens away to the scene of danger, taking old sails and hurdles, or anything they can lay their hands on, to keep out the water. My wife says God must have made Holland on a Saturday, and had not time to finish it before Sunday, and so He left it lower than He would have done."

"No," I said, "I do not believe that. The Hollanders have taken from old Ocean a portion of his domain, and no wonder he occasionally asserts his rights to recapture his territory."

"Uncle, you were reading in the guide-book this morning about

DORT,

and how many lost their lives on account of the overflowing of these dykes? Will you tell us more about it?"

"Ah, yes! don't you remember yesterday, as we were sailing up the Maas river, that we looked away towards Dort. It was not far from there many years ago that the mad ocean came rushing in upon the people, and over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN WERE DROWNED, SEVENTY VILLAGES WERE DESTROYED, AND A QUARTER OF A MILLION OF CATTLE AND SHEEP PERISHED. The city of Dort escaped, but many once-beautifully cultivated fields were ruined and are now watery wastes, and there cannot be found even traces of where some of these villages were located. Everything was swept away or covered up with sand."

"Did the water rush all at once over the dykes?"

"No; it pressed its way through until the stream got so large that they could not stop it. While wait-

ing for the carriages to come and take us to the picture gallery, you sit down here, under this lime tree, and I will try to tell you about

A BAD DROP OF WATER

that lived in those days. He was a very restless little fellow, and I can imagine I heard him talk in this way—

"Mother, I am tired of living in this old ocean I have heard that Holland is a beautiful place. I wish I could find a little hole in the dyke that I could just *look* through and see the cattle and sheep, the birds and beautiful flowers, and all the pretty things in Holland. I have been shut up in this dark ocean long enough; I want to hear the birds sing, and see the beautiful tall grass in the sunshine."

"No, no!" said the mother; "you must not go to Holland. Your place is in the great ocean, and these dykes were built especially to keep you out of Holland."

"No, mother, I do not want to *go in* to Holland; I only want to find a little window to *look* through and see these beautiful things."

"Keep away from that window or you may *fall* through before you know it."

But the *bad drop* did not mind its mother, and kept pushing away every grain of sand it came against to try to make 'a window.' Then up came *another* drop of water and moved other grains of sand, and then another, until at last a window was really made. The dyke gave way, little by little, and just as this talka-

tive little chap thought he was going to take a good *look* at Holland, some one behind gave him a push, and HE TUMBLED THROUGH INTO HOLLAND, and then another and another, until thousands of drops of water that soon formed a stream, which was pouring itself all over the country. Many men tried to throw earth and sand into the breach to stop it, but it was of no use. They worked with waggons and carts, loaded with sand, sails, and hurdles, yet they could not stop it. The stream grew larger; and thousands were swept into eternity."

"Was all this through that *one little* bad drop of water insisting on wanting to 'look into Holland,' uncle?"

"Yes. And what does it teach?"

"I think it is this, uncle—THE BAD INFLUENCE ONE SMALL PERSON MAY EXERT."

"That is it exactly. When I was in Paris some years ago, I scarcely knew when Sunday came. I remember inquiring the way to the American church. There I found men putting on lath and plaster. I said to them, 'I thought this was Sunday.' 'So it is,' said they. 'We have been employed to put this church in repair. We do not "work by the day," and Frenchmen pay no attention to Sunday.'"

"Why all this desecration of the day in Paris?"

"Partly because the infidel Voltaire many years ago exerted a bad influence, and helped to let a flood of error all over France. I saw a statue of him in the crypt of the Pantheon of Paris. His face haunted me for days and nights afterwards. He taught the people

that they might do as they pleased, and it was no matter about keeping the Lord's Day; but when he came to die what a dreadful death was his!

"Shall I tell you about

THE GOOD DROP OF WATER?

You may call it a fable if you choose.

"The home of this drop of water was not in Holland, but away in America, up in the sky. It was a very dry time. One day an old farmer took a walk in his fields. His face was very long and sad. The corn was all dried up, the grass withered, and the horses and cattle stood under the trees panting for water.

"The farmer said, 'Oh, I wish it would rain! I shall not have half a crop unless it rains. What will become of my flocks and herds?'

"Away up in the sky a good drop of water looked down, and, seeing the old farmer so distressed, said to his companions, 'Let us rain.'

"'No,' said they, '*we* are not going to rain. We would rather stay up here sailing among the clouds than be down there buried in the dry sand.'

"'Well,' said the good drop of water, '*I* am going to rain if *you* are not; *I* am going to do *my* duty. I will try and cheer the heart of that poor farmer, if nothing more; he looks so sad;' and *down* he went, and *hit the farmer on the cheek.*

"He wiped away the drop, and said, 'I felt a drop of water; I think it is going to rain.'

"There is a fresh look upon the farmer's face, and

one of the other drops of water looking down, said, 'That drop of water did some good in making that farmer smile. I am going down to see what good *I* can do;' and down came another drop, hitting the farmer on the other cheek, and he brushed it away with his toil-worn hand, and said—

"'I declare it *is* going to rain. I felt *two* drops of water on my cheeks.'

"Then other drops of water came down, and soon there was a shower of rain. The farmer was filled with joy; the cattle threw up their heads and sniffed in the cool air and capered about; the corn that had been shrivelled up seemed to laugh, and the grass to smile, as they drank in the refreshing shower."

"Was all this because that good drop of water said, 'I CAN EXERT AN INFLUENCE; I will do my duty, let others do as they please'?"

"Yes, Roger; and will you be like the good drop of water or the bad drop of water?"

"Well, uncle, it is not always so easy to leave our friends behind, and have them laugh at us."

"No, it is not so easy without help; but God says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' In Paris, you remember, I told you I did not know when Sunday came, but when a student in Edinburgh I knew very well, even if I had lost my almanack, for the *rooks* would have told me when Sunday came. They never came into the city in search of food except on a Sunday. No carriages or cabs were moving about. The people went to churches near their own homes, or had to walk

long distances. I never thought of taking a cab on Sunday the winter I spent there, although I often had to conduct meetings far away from my home; I always walked to them. John Knox, unlike Voltaire, EXERTED A *good* INFLUENCE in Scotland, so that even the very *rooks* seemed to know when Sunday came."

"Yes, uncle, *men* can exert an influence; but what can a *boy* like me do?"

"A little boy attended a meeting I conducted in Maine, and found out that he was a sinner—that he had done many wrong things. He wept for his sins, but it was no use. At last he saw that CHRIST HAD WEPT FOR HIM, and he gave himself to Jesus, and he found peace and joy. The next morning he got the Bible, and said to his father, 'Won't you read the Bible and pray as they do at Uncle Joseph's?'

"'No, I can't pray,' said the father.

"'Mother, won't *you* read and pray?'

"'No, I can't pray,' she said.

"'Father, may I read the Bible and pray?'

"'Can *you* pray?' said the father.

"'Oh yes! I have given my heart to Jesus, and He has taught me to pray.'

"The little boy read, in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, the story of the Prodigal Son, and then knelt down to pray.

"His prayer was so earnest and tender, that the mother found her heart melted, and the father's stiff knees began to bend, and he found himself down before God; and when George had done praying, the mother

cried out, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!' and the father said, 'O God, pardon my sins, for Jesus' sake. Thou hast saved my dear boy; teach me to pray as he does.'

"God answered the prayers of that father and mother. The Rev. Mr. Howard, brother of General O. O. Howard, and pastor of the church, told me afterwards that that *father* and *mother* and *son* had confessed Christ and come to the Lord's table on the same day, and they had since led consistent Christian lives."

"Oh, I see what you mean, uncle. John Knox and George were like the good drop of water, and Voltaire was like the bad drop of water."

"Yes. But we have no time for any more stories, for the carriages are coming to take us to the picture gallery and around the city."

"Look, uncle! what is that coming? Are those little donkeys fastened to that cart?"

"No; they are *large dogs*. The dogs are all forced to work here. We shall find them everywhere about the city drawing little carts. They are trained as well as horses. Sometimes, when the load is too great for them, the owner helps them, and at other times, when the load is light, he rides in the cart. Ah! there comes another, driving his dogs as if they were a pair of horses. If I had to walk in such great wooden shoes, I should be glad enough for a ride after dogs or anything that would draw me."

"And as it is I wish *we* had a pair to take us about the city. Wouldn't it be fine fun?"

"Well, no; I should be afraid that if at any time

they got warm, and were near one of the canals, they would go plunging in, and leave us to get out as best we could."

"Uncle, did the Spanish get to Rotterdam when they came to Holland?"

"Ah yes! Many of the poor people were put to death in a cruel manner, as shown on that tablet, with the date 1594, which speaks of what took place within the grey old building when the Spaniards under Bossu were in possession of the town.

"The invaders found it no easy task to get an entrance into the city, for the Hollanders were fighting for their homes, for their wives, and for their children, so that when at last the Spaniards broke through all opposition they were so enraged that they rushed into the houses, and cruelly murdered their enemies and stole all they could lay their hands upon, and carried away everything they wished of any value.

"It is stated that the family living in this house saved their lives in a strange way. It appeared that they were very fond of cats, of which they had a large number in the house. They killed them, and covered the doorways and posts with their blood. They knocked the furniture about, and left the house in a most disorderly manner and fled to the cellar.

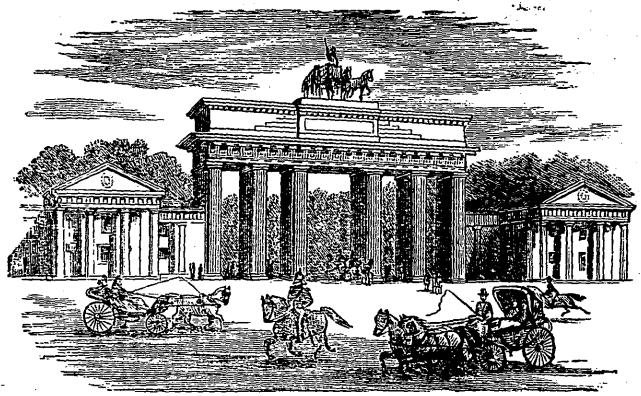
"As the Spanish soldiers came up this street, they were about to enter this house, as they saw the door open; but seeing the blood all around the place and the tables and chairs upset, they thought some of their comrades had been there before them and killed all the inmates and taken away everything they

desired, and so passed on searching for other victims; and thus the lives of all in the house were saved."

"Uncle, what is the meaning of those words over the date 1594—'In a thousand fears'?"

"Well, it must have been with fear and trembling they contrived that strange way of saving their lives. But this has led me to think of the time when the children of Israel sprinkled the doorposts with the blood of innocent lambs as the death angel passed over them, when the Lord said, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' Does it not lead us also to think of Him who shed His blood that our souls might be saved from everlasting punishment? Trusting in Him, *Justice* passes us by.

"Can we ever love Him enough, who said, 'I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it again;' and yet He so loved us that He gave Himself to die for us?"



CHAPTER II.

Walk to Delftshaven—Pilgrim Fathers—Bradford—Winslow—Holland—The Hague—Ancient Gothic hall—Place of refuge—Charles II.—William Penn—Barneville beheaded—Guiltless—No pardon asked—Christ died for guilty—Picture gallery—Rembrandt's painting.

"UNCLE, can't we take a walk down to Delftshaven?"

"It is a long walk, I can tell you; but I should like to see from where our Pilgrim Fathers sailed away to the New World."

"Let us start at once."

"Here we are! On one of those mounds, or dykes, away yonder the Pilgrim Fathers said farewell to their native land. See those great ships on the bosom of the Maas. Behind us are the spires and trees of Rotterdam. Away to the left are the Dutchmen at work on their farms. Our walk is now coming to an end, for we

are drawing near to the spot which I pointed out to you from which the Pilgrim Fathers started for Plymouth Rock."

"Let us read, uncle, what Bradford says about the scene. 'Now they come thicker, friends from Leyden and Amsterdam, to see the starting of their dear friends. Their eyes were filled with tears as they stood on Delftshaven looking upon the scene."

"Here's what Winslow says: 'After prayer by our pastor and others, with tears in their eyes they accompanied us to the ship, one not being able to speak to the other on account of sorrow to part. We lifted our hands and our prayers to the Lord for those who were to depart, and found His presence with us.'"

"But why did they leave this country and go three thousand miles across the Atlantic to find a home among the Indians? Had they not freedom to worship God as they choose in Holland?"

"One reason they had in leaving Holland was that they might take their children with them to a place where they would be less exposed to temptation, for they had seen some of them wandering off into paths of sin; but, beyond any motives which for a time influenced them, we must say, IT WAS THE HAND OF THE LORD WHICH LED THEM TO CROSS THE GREAT OCEAN, THAT THEY MIGHT WORSHIP GOD ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF THEIR OWN CONSCIENCES. But we must hasten back to Rotterdam, and be ready to take the train north with our party." That afternoon they took the train north, and, as usual, found enough to talk about.

"What beautiful city is that in the distance, uncle?"

"It is THE HAGUE."

"Why is it called The Hague?"

"About six centuries ago, the counts of Holland built a hunting seat half a mile from the sea-shore, and from the hedge (Hague) surrounding the park the village took its name. When Louis Bonaparte was King of Holland it became a place of importance, and he gave to it the rights of a city. In 1618, it was a place of refuge for English Dissenters. Here Charles the Second fled when Cromwell ruled England. Here William Penn found a retreat. The residence of the king is in The Hague. I read in one of our guide-books that there is a flower, a bird, and a tree for every man, woman, and child in the city."

"Here we are at

THE HAGUE,

and the carriages are waiting for us. How clean the streets are, uncle!"

"Yes; it is a beautiful city. Many consider it one of the prettiest in Holland. It has a population of 150,000. It is too late to see the town to-night, but to-morrow morning Mr. Vetter will show us all about the place."

The next day Roger and his uncle were out early for a walk.

"What a fine morning it is, Roger."

"Yes; the sun is shining brightly, and the birds singing sweetly. The market-place is filled with flowers and fruits, men and women with dogs drawing carts. The boats are moving up and down the canals."

THE HAGUE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"See those beautiful swans. I wish we could spend a week here."

"But let us go to the GOTHIC HALL, the most ancient in the city. It was formerly the palace of the counts of Holland."

"Is that it yonder?"

"Yes, I think so. In front of this spot, on a bright May morning in 1649, a strange tragedy was enacted. While the white swans were sailing beautifully over the calm lake, and the blackbird, the thrush, and the nightingale in the surrounding groves were singing as if the daybreak 'was to usher in a summer festival,' here it was that the great BARNEVILLE laid down his head upon the block.

"As he approached the place, he said, 'Is this the reward of forty years' faithful service?' Here it was that he kneeled down and prayed fifteen minutes for his enemies, and then arose, and with a loud voice said to the crowd, 'Men, don't believe that I am a traitor. I have ever acted uprightly as a good patriot, and as such I shall die.' Then, drawing his cap over his eyes and stepping forward, said, 'Christ shall be my guide;' and prayed again, 'O Lord, my Heavenly Father, receive my spirit.' He then knelt down with his head towards his own house, and bid the executioner be quick. The blow fell, and his head was separated from the body."

"Wasn't that dreadful! Why did he not ask for pardon?"

"His wife and children had been told that if they would do so it would be given, and they were even

urged to seek it, but he forbade them. He told them that to ask for a pardon *would be to acknowledge guilt.* He suffered death rather than admit guilt. He laid down his life for a principle, but CHRIST LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR US WHO WERE GUILTY. Yes, He, the Guiltless, who said, 'I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it again,' gave Himself for us, 'the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.' Ought we not to love Him for it?"

"What do you know, uncle, about the son of Barneville?"

"I will tell you. After his father was put to death in this cruel manner, he entered into a conspiracy against the Government, was arrested, tried, and condemned. His mother begged for a pardon for him. When asked why she had not asked for a pardon for her husband also, her reply was, 'My husband was *innocent,* and did not need a pardon. To have asked a pardon for *him* would have been to confess his guilt. But now I ask for a pardon for my son, for he was *guilty* of rebelling against the Government.' Ah, that should lead us to think of how we have all rebelled against God's good government, and need to ask for pardon, for Jesus' sake, who loved us and gave Himself for us."

"Let us go into the picture gallery, uncle. I hear there are some beautiful pictures there."

"Very well, then; it is quite near."

"What is that beautiful picture?"

"That is 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' by Harlem."

"Oh, look at that painting yonder! What is it?"

"That is 'The Anatomical Lesson,' by Rembrandt."

"Why, I can almost hear those men talking. It is a wonderful scene."

"Yes, it is a most famous painting."

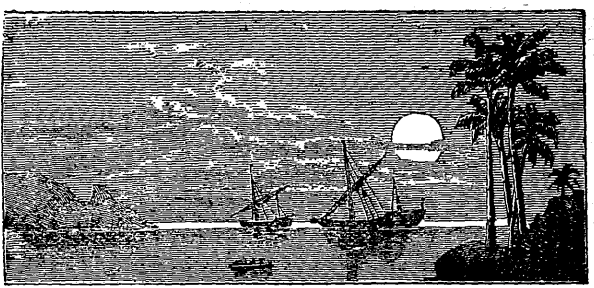
"Where is Paul Potter's 'Young Ox'?"

"This must be it."

"Is that the painting that was in America some years ago, and was so much talked about?"

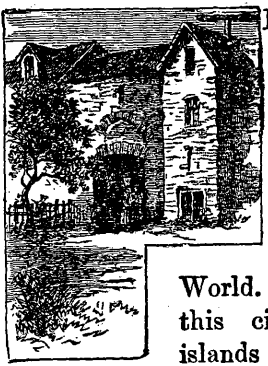
"Yes, I believe it is."

"Why, you can see the flies standing upon his back."



CHAPTER III.

Leyden—Watery streets—Long services—Peter's short prayer—
—The coming of Clarence—John Robinson's home—Spanish in Leyden—Great sufferings—Prince of Orange—Dykes broken—Bread floated to the city—The Spaniards destroyed—Faith in God—October 3, 1514—Victory—Our sacrifices for Christ—No ardent spirits.



"THE train is just coming, uncle, into the station at Leyden."

"Sure enough, there is the city where the Pilgrim Fathers lived before they started from Delftshaven that July morning of 1620, on their voyage to the New World. Do you know, Roger, that this city stands upon fifty small islands made by the Rhine and its branches, ten miles from The Hague, and thirty from Rotterdam. It has a population of about fifty thousand."

"These watery streets, shaded by lime, willow, and poplar trees, and crossed, as I have it in my guide-book, by a hundred and fifty bridges, mostly of hammered stone, with the beautiful houses, clean and spacious streets, fine churches, and public edifices, make it a very attractive city."

"What is that high mount away yonder to the left?"

"Some say it is the work of the Anglo-Saxons, raised in memory of the conquest of England. I have read that within the last century the number of English students attending the university has been about two thousand. It is still a great centre of education."

"I am glad, uncle, I was not one of the children of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"Why so?"

"Because I am sure they would have made me go to church all day Sunday."

"Of course they would."

"Well, what do you think I found in one of their old books about the manner they conducted their services?"

"I do not know. What was it?"

"It is too long to read, but I remember that they began service at eight o'clock in the morning and kept it up till twelve o'clock, and then returned at two, and kept on singing, preaching, and reading the Bible, and praying until five or six o'clock in the evening. I am sure I should have got tired of it long before that time.

"I heard that Mr. Spurgeon once said, 'Whatever you preach *about*, preach *about* forty-five minutes.

That, uncle, is what I like. I heard you say the other day 'that if Peter had made as long an introduction to *his* prayer as some people do, he would have been *forty feet* under water before he cried, "Save, Lord, or I perish."'"

"So he would. I am glad you remembered it."

"Well, uncle, I don't believe you like these long services any better than I do."

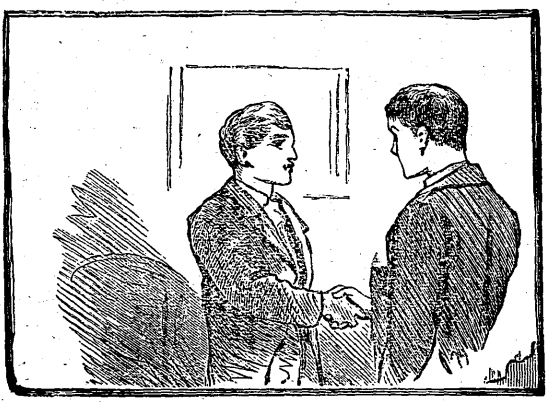
"No; but perhaps they loved their Bibles and their Saviour a great deal more than you and I do. Paul preached until midnight just before leaving Troas, and a young man fell out of the window. I should think that they would have picked him up and gone home; but they went back, after attending to him, and continued until daybreak. When men and women are earnest Christians, they love to talk about the truths of the Bible, and the time passes rapidly. Many people go to parties, balls, and concerts, and stay until one or two o'clock in the morning, and yet if they are asked to spend a little more time in reading God's word and singing His praise they think it very tiresome. Don't you remember when we crossed the Atlantic in the *Oregon*, how those gamblers spent sometimes ten hours a day in the smoking-room, drinking and betting, and yet some of them seemed almost angry when the steward put the lights out and stopped them at eleven o'clock at night.

"You remember that circus man on the *Oregon*, Roger, who was with the gamblers from morning to night? He ordered the servants at the table the first day or two as if he was King of England, but when

he lost his money he did not come to the dinner-table until the last day."

"I am sure I would rather," said Roger, "spend my time as the Pilgrim Fathers did than in the way so many fast men spend it crossing the ocean in those large steamers.

"Uncle, I have got some news to tell you. A party of English people have arrived at the hotel, and have with them a boy younger than I, and he says



that they would be glad to join our party. I have been wanting all the time to find some *boy* with whom I could talk and play. I don't care to be reading guide-books all the time and trying to learn what happened so many years ago."

"Well, where is he, Roger?"

"He is out on the lawn."

"Bring him in and introduce him to us."

"Here he comes! His name is Clarence."

"Where is your home, my boy?"

"It is in London."

"Where are you going?"

"My father and mother have been travelling through Holland, and are now going to Switzerland and Paris, and then back to Brighton and London."

"Why, that is the very way *we* are going. I hope you will go along with us. 'The more the merrier.'"

"Oh yes, I shall be only too glad of the company of your nephew, Roger. I like to be with people who can tell stories, for sometimes we have to wait for the trains, and a good story greatly helps to while away the time."

"Let us all now look about

LEYDEN,

and see if we can find where John Robinson lived."

"Isn't that the building we are in search of?" said Roger.

"Ah yes. Let us see if we can find it open."

"There is something about it on this stone—'HERE ON THIS SPOT LIVED, TAUGHT, AND DIED, JOHN ROBINSON. 1611–1625.' What does that mean?"

"It means, Clarence, that John Robinson made his home here."

"Was he the one, uncle, we have so often seen in pictures, kneeling and praying with his people at Delftshaven just as they were about to start?"

"Yes, Roger; he is the very man. Let us go in and see if we can find somebody who will tell us about this building. It is now used as an hospital for respectable aged people."

We found the people very polite and willing to tell us all they knew about the relics of the Pilgrim Fathers. It was on this spot, the night before they set sail for America, that they wept and prayed, and at last bade adieu to those they loved, that they might plant institutions of religion and learning beyond the Atlantic. We should think oftener of what it cost our ancestors to erect the standard of the cross and liberty on our New England shores, and thus be led to thank God for giving us a land of freedom.

"I wish these stones could talk, uncle. What wonderful things they could tell us."

"But as they cannot speak we must find in books something of the history of these Pilgrim Fathers."

"What was it you were reading this morning as we were rolling along in the train about the town being besieged?"

"It was in 1574, that the Spanish forces, led by Vasdez, held the town in siege for four months. During all that time the inhabitants of LEYDEN resisted these cruel invaders. At last, when summoned to surrender, Vanderdoes sent back word that WHEN PROVISIONS FAILED THEY WOULD DEVOUR THEIR LEFT HANDS, RESERVING THEIR RIGHT HANDS TO DEFEND THEIR RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES. They were forced to eat all the cats and dogs to keep from starving. And, according to Motley, green leaves were stripped from the trees and shrubs, and every herb was used for food, but even then many died of starvation. Mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their infants in their arms; while in many houses the watchmen on their

rounds found whole families—father, mother, and children—dead, for a dreadful plague went hand in hand with the famine.

"The inhabitants fell like grass beneath the scythe. Motley says that 'from six to eight thousand sunk beneath this scourge alone, and yet the people held out,' men and women naturally encouraging each other to prevent the entrance of their enemies, as being far more horrible than pestilence or famine. Some of the more faint-hearted were anxious to surrender. While Adrian Vanderwerf (the Burgomaster) passed through the streets crowds gathered around him, and there he stood on yonder spot, tall, with haggard visage, yet beautiful and commanding, and, as he waved his broad felt hat for silence, in a loud voice he said, 'My friends, why do you murmur that we do not forget our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? I have vowed to keep the city. I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemies, or the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not that of the city entrusted to me. I know we shall starve if not soon relieved, but I would rather starve than die a dishonourable death. Your threats do not affect me. Take my life, if you will: here is my sword, plunge it into my heart, and divide my flesh among you to satisfy your hunger; but SURRENDER I WILL NOT SO LONG AS I LIVE.' With these bold words he touched the hearts of the people, and they shouted to the enemy when they returned to the battlements of the city, 'You call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters; and it is true. So long as you hear the dog bark and the cat mew within the

walls you may know that the city holds out, and when all our resources are exhausted we will set fire to the city, and perish with the women and children in the flames rather than suffer our liberties to be crushed.'

"The Spaniards shouted in reply, 'As well could the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to Leyden to their relief.' But they little knew that GOD was fighting against them, and that He could and would do this, as we shall soon see."

"What happened next, uncle?"

"Finally, a carrier pigeon flew over the heads of their enemies, and brought the glad news that the Prince of Orange was coming, with two hundred boats, loaded with provisions, that he had cut his way through the dykes, and, as Leyden was lower than the ocean, they would soon be floated to the gates of the city. But the water did not rise high enough. Away in the distance, beyond the walls, they saw bread and food in abundance, but this only maddened the starving multitude. Many cried to the Lord for help, and their prayers were answered. A wind rose; a storm from the ocean drove the water faster and faster through the broken dykes, on and on it rushed till it reached the haughty Spaniards and drowned many of them in an unexpected moment. The flotilla of boats glided over them and carried food to the hungry people."

"I should think, uncle, the Spaniards would believe there was a God in heaven who was displeased with them, and was fighting against them."

"When in Palestine we sought out the place on our

way down to Jericho where Elijah was fed by heaven-sent ravens. Do you not think, Roger, that the Lord as truly sent food to these starving thousands?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Look away toward the sea from Leyden. Can you not imagine the Spaniards, like Pharoah and his hosts, trying to flee from the angry waters; while at the same time those who have trusted in God, from the windows of their houses in Leyden, are thanking Him that their prayers were answered?"

"That all seems like a fable, uncle."

"Well, it may; but if you will read Motley's 'History of the Dutch Republic,' you will find a great deal more about it recorded there than I have told you. It was a terrible struggle through which they passed; but THEY HAD FAITH IN GOD, and were determined to stand firm until the Lord delivered them; and so they did. What a lesson we learn in this to trust God, even though we have enemies on every side who are ready to crush us."

"I am glad I was not here then, uncle."

"I suppose so; but many, I can assure you, were glad, after it was all over, that they *were* here. It is a grand thing to fight for the Lord and truth, and to witness a glorious victory."

"I wonder, uncle, if the people around here have forgotten that scene which occurred more than three hundred years ago?"

"Forgotten it! Certainly not. They celebrate each year the day on which God answered their prayers and sent deliverance to them—October 3, 1574.

"Should we not thank God that our forefathers not so very long after, emigrated from a place like that to the American shores, that they might worship God as the Bible taught them?

"Thinking of the trials that God's people endured makes us ashamed of the little sacrifice we have made for Christ's sake, especially when we think of the great sacrifice He made for us by LAYING DOWN HIS LIFE ON THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

"We may not be called upon to live for days and weeks without food, as were the defenders of Leyden, nor to leave our homes for a "rock-bound coast," away in some unknown land, but Jesus says to those who truly love Him, 'Take My yoke, which is easy, and My burden, which is light.' The small burden He calls upon us to carry is light compared with the great burden of sin which He meekly bore for us.

"Motley says that they had *no* ardent spirits in those days, and closes the statement with these words: '*These Hollanders drank no ardent spirits, and I believe that this is one reason why they were enabled to endure such terrible hardships, and to remain firm to the end.*' Would it were so now."

CHAPTER IV.

Amsterdam — Canals for fences — Tottering houses — Bridges — The dykes of Holland — The great pumps — The lowlands of sin — Wine-drinking — "I never take it."

"WE must leave Leyden, uncle," said Roger, "for the train is coming for

"AMSTERDAM."

And sure enough we had only just time to reach the station, and again we were flying away over the smooth road for that city.

"What sort of fences do you think they have here, Roger?"

"I cannot see any fences, but great *deep ditches* filled with water."

"Ah yes, those are the *fences*, and the animals understand they had better keep out of them, for the sides are perpendicular."

As we looked away for miles in a southerly direction over a perfectly smooth valley, we could see thousands of beautifully dappled cows.

"When we get to Amsterdam, uncle, I want to see

the house in which Peter the Great worked when he came here to learn shipbuilding."

"Ah yes; you will find plenty to engage your attention in Amsterdam. It was for a time the home of the Pilgrim Fathers.

"Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford, about the year 1608, fled from England to Amsterdam. Then it was that over three thousand fled here from England. But we have no time now to talk about the Pilgrim Fathers, for we are in the station at Amsterdam."

"Clarence, let us get on top of the bus, that we may have a good view of the town."

"Those houses, Roger, seem ready to tumble over upon us. Do you know why that is?"

"Please tell us."

"They are all built on wooden piles fifty feet in length, driven into the ground. It must be that the piles have rotted off, or that they did not strike upon a solid foundation at the bottom. It is amusing to see these houses, some leaning one way and some another. They remind us of tipsy soldiers. You see, there is no solid foundation here on which to build a house. Does this remind you, Roger, of any verse in the Bible?"

"No, uncle."

"But it does me—'*Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*' Those who build upon the sand of self-righteousness and sin will certainly topple over by-and-by like these houses. Alas! when it is too late, they will find their false hopes of heaven falling to pieces; but if

we TRUST IN CHRIST AND, BUILD OUR HOPES ON HIM, our lives will not be crooked like these toppling houses, but beautiful and symmetrical; neither shall we fall, as these houses are in danger of doing, for the want of a solid foundation."

"I wonder how many bridges we have passed over on our way to the hotel to-night?"

"I don't remember; but I know I read in our guide-book that in this city of 300,000 inhabitants there are 330 bridges."

The morning after reaching Amsterdam we were up early and out sight-seeing. We visited the celebrated diamond-cutting establishment. We spent many hours walking through the large public picture galleries, and the pictures delighted us greatly.

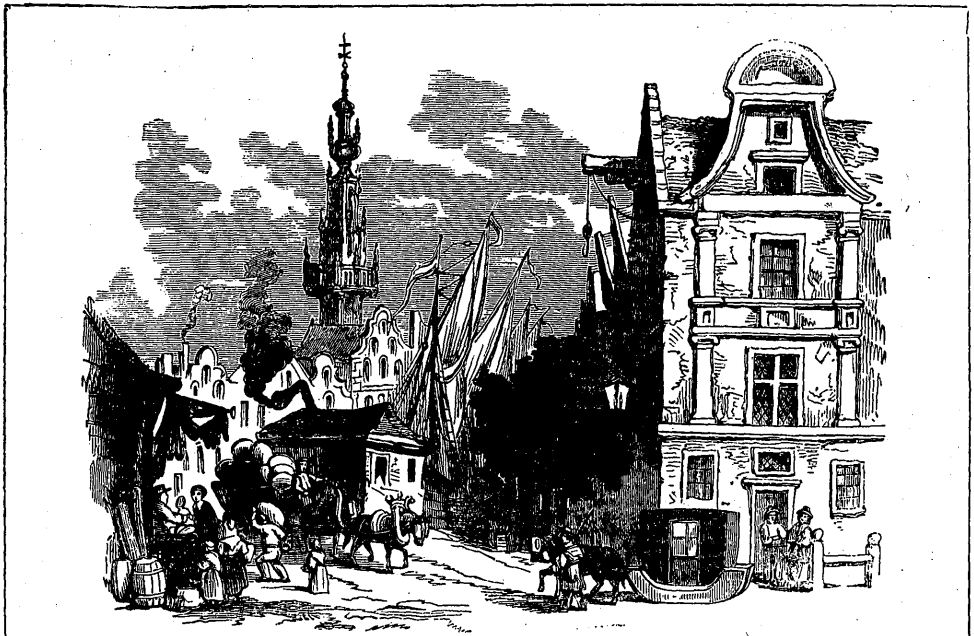
One afternoon we determined to go out and find our way to the outer dykes. On our way Roger asked a question which had puzzled all of us.

"How is it that all the water that comes flowing down the river Amstel gets into the ocean, if the river is many feet below the waters of the great deep?"

"That is just what we are going to learn, so let us drive on several miles further out to the sluices. Do you see that building yonder? That is where a great steam-engine works powerful pumps that throw the water over the dykes into the ocean."

"Do they do all the work?"

"No. Do you see away up yonder those long-armed windmills? They are working pumps also to keep the water from settling back and overflowing Amsterdam."



VIEW IN AMSTERDAM

"Here we are, uncle, among the great locks numbered one, two, three, four, five, six. See how careful they are to keep the gates closed. There comes a ship. How will it get through here?"

"Let us look and see. The water outside is several feet higher than on the inside.

"How careful they are in opening and shutting these locks. If the inner and outer gates of the lock were open at the same time it would soon be known in Amsterdam and the country around, but you will notice that after the outer gate is opened and the ship brought in from the ocean, a little slide is lifted near the other gate and the water runs through it into the bay, and so the ship is lowered to the level of the water inside the dyke; then the inner gate is opened, and away the ship goes to the docks at Amsterdam."

"But when there are great freshets I should think the pumps and windmills would have more than they can do."

"Yes; I am told pumps have to work night and day to keep the water down, lest it should rise and overflow the city."

"I should not like to live in Amsterdam, uncle."

"Nor I. Knowing all the time that the streets of the city are several feet lower than the great ocean out there. We are not the only persons who have had similar thoughts on the subject.

"Mr. George Ticknor says, 'When in Amsterdam I passed over the narrow neck that unites it to the mainland, and saw the sea chafing the shores of the ocean several feet higher than the road on which I

was travelling. I also heard of a French gentleman, who had received an invitation to dine in Amsterdam, passing over the isthmus on a stormy day when the ocean was showing its huge waves high in the air, and instead of returning to keep his appointment, he hastened to The Hague, and sent back word that he had seen the water breaking over the dykes, and was sure Amsterdam could not exist two days longer.' It really seemed to him that in a short time Amsterdam would be covered with the waters of the ocean."

"Uncle, I have been thinking if Holland had only been ten or fifteen feet higher how much money and how many lives might have been saved."

"Ah, yes. All the water would then have found its way to the ocean. Shall I tell you what I have been thinking about, boys? It is of some people that I know who live so far down in the lowlands that the waters of sin are liable to engulf them."

"What do you mean by that, uncle?"

"Well, I think I can tell you. Have you not seen many English and Americans here on the Continent drinking wine and beer and even whiskey? Well, some of the people have told me that they never take these drinks at home, but that they do not know that the water is good, and so they drink as others do; but some of us who live on the high land of temperance, when asked to take strong drink, have a ready answer: 'I thank you, I never take it.' *We* find no difficulty in getting good clear water. When these tipplers return home, and they are called upon to take their stand upon the temperance question as in former

times, they will find that the waters of indulgence have well-nigh swamped them, and that they will have to use the pump of repentance to get rid of them. Did you ever see a book, Roger, written by the father of our late ex-president Arthur on the derivation of names?"

"No, uncle, I have not."

"Well, it is very interesting. I looked up the meaning of our name Hammond, and I found it came from two words which mean 'mountain home man'—that is, a man whose home is out of the lowlands and away up on the hill or mountain-side. May the Lord help us so to live wherever we are, that our names may indicate our real character, so that we may have a name to show that we do not live in the lowlands of sinful indulgence, but that our home is on the hills of principle, and that we are seeking one among the delectable mountains of which Bunyan wrote."

CHAPTER V.

Antwerp—The cathedral—The bell—Rubens's "masterpiece"—"Elevation of the Cross"—Michael Angelo's conversion—The museum—Vandyck's "Crucifixion"—Rubens's chair—Church of St. Jacques—Rubens's tomb—Brussels—Waterloo—Cologne Cathedral—How to be happy—The Rhine—Mouse Tower.

"IN Holland we have seen windmills everywhere we have been."

"Yes, Roger; look out of this window and see them alongside that canal. They are the mills where they grind the grain. But now we are just drawing near to

ANTWERP.

Yes, there it is in the distance. We shall arrive by the time we get our wraps strapped up."

"What large omnibuses they have! Let us see how many people there are in this one?"

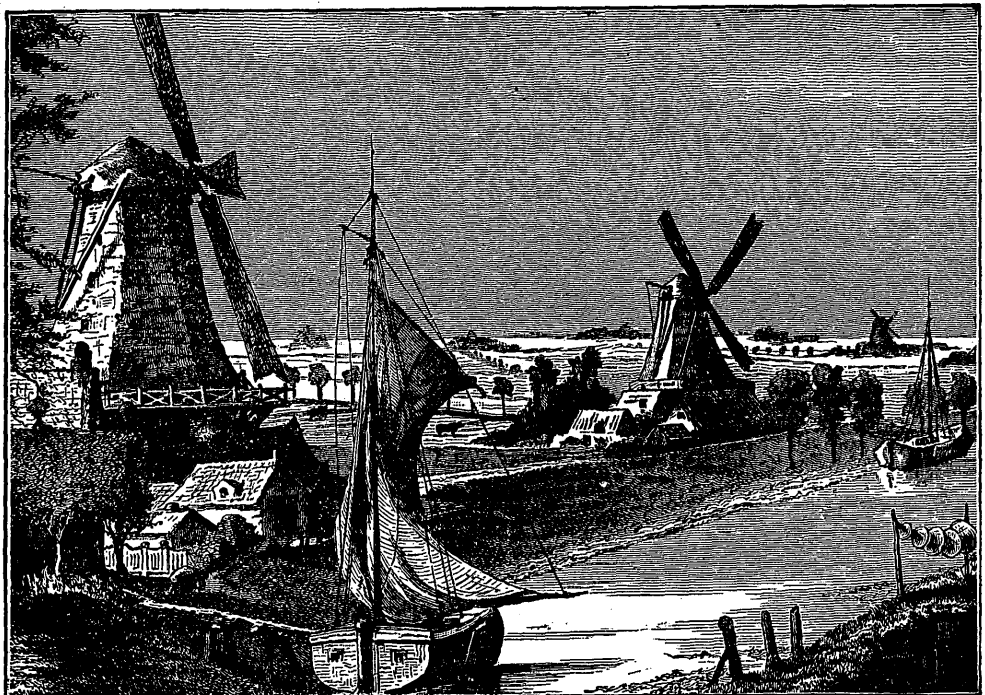
"Thirty-five, and yet there is room for one more."

"What is the population of Antwerp?"

"At one time 173,000 persons lived here. Sometimes as many as 2000 ships lay in the harbour."

"Why isn't it so now, uncle?"

"For various causes. That cruel Spanish invader,



Alva, set fire to the city, and 7000 of its inhabitants perished. Bonaparte, when he conquered Holland, planned to make Antwerp the greatest naval arsenal in Europe; but when he fell Antwerp began to decline. By the treaty of peace, signed in Paris in 1814, all the ships of war, and those on the stocks, were to be divided, and all the docks, built by Napoleon, and everything belonging to the naval arsenal broken up and destroyed."

"Let us go first to the cathedral, and see the tall spire. What is its height, Uncle?"

"Schrieber says it is 466 feet high. It is so beautiful, that Charles V. said it ought to be kept in a glass case."

"What *bell* is that ringing?"

"It must be the GREAT CAROLUS, named after Charles V. It weighs 16,000 pounds, and takes sixteen men to ring it."

"I wonder how long it took to build this cathedral?"

"It was commenced in the year 1422, and finished in 1518."

"Let us go inside. There we shall see Rubens's great masterpiece, the 'DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.' Oh, here it is. Wonderful! wonderful! Do you notice how quiet all the people are as they gaze on this famous painting? It is said that two of the beautiful faces are those of his wife and daughter. Rubens frequently introduced the faces of a few of his family, and sometimes himself into his paintings."

"What is that other painting?"

"That is Rubens's 'ELEVATION OF THE CROSS.' Let

us stop and gaze upon it. I do not wonder that children love to look at these paintings, and that some who have looked upon them have for the first time felt that the Lord Jesus Christ loved us, and gave Himself to die for us."

"Were these old masters who painted these Bible scenes Christians?"

"They must have studied the Bible carefully to have painted its scenes so vividly. Michael Angelo, when at work on one of his great pictures had to study the Bible very closely to learn all about the sufferings and death of Christ, and was suddenly led to feel that *He had really* BORNE OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BODY ON THE TREE. He at once laid down his brush, fell upon his knees, and gave himself up to Jesus as HIS SAVIOUR, and from that hour sought to give his talents to the Lord's work. The painting which he commenced was never finished, as there were scenes connected with it which he thought wrong to put upon the canvas. But now we must hasten away to the famous museum. There we shall see Vandyck's well-known painting of the 'Crucifixion,' and Rubens's chair, and also many more of his paintings. Now here we are."

"But it will need a week to look at these paintings as we ought."

"Yes; paintings need to be studied to learn what they are able to teach us. I remember while in Rome, we gazed for hours upon Raphael's painting of the 'Transfiguration,' and yet never wearied."

"Ah, see, uncle; there is Rubens's chair under a glass case. Why is it that so many of the pictures in

all the galleries we have been to were taken from the Bible?"

"It is because, Roger, they were taken from convents that have been closed."

"I want to ask another question, uncle. Why is it that we see so many old paintings where Christ seems to be saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven'?"

"I don't know, unless it is that in all ages there have been those who, after studying the Bible, have believed that Jesus was still calling little children to Himself, and longing to have them trust in Him and be saved.

"I remember seeing in the Doge's palace in Venice what was said to be the largest painting in the world. It was a picture of heaven, and I can never forget the many beautiful faces of children in it. But we must hasten to the church of St. Jacques; there we shall find the tomb of Rubens and his family.—Here we are now. Under this slab the famous painter was buried; and here is another of his paintings, 'The Scourging of Christ.' Does it not lead us to think of those words in Isaiah, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed'?"

"What a grand cathedral this is, auntie!"

"Yes; I think it is one of the finest we have yet seen. Like Westminster, it was for a long time the burial-place of noted people. But we cannot linger

longer here, for to-night we must be in Brussels, the capital of Belgium."

A pleasant ride of a few hours brought our party to

BRUSSELS.

It contains a population of over 183,000.

"How wide the streets are, uncle! It does not look like an old city."

"But it is. It was begun in the seventh century, and when Belgium separated from Holland in 1830, Brussels became the capital and the seat of government. In 1695, four thousand buildings were destroyed. In 1567, the Spaniards so tyrannized over the inhabitants that 10,000 workmen were driven from the city and went to England."

"We are to spend three days here, and shall have time to look at many of the objects of interest."

"I hope we shall see the place, uncle, where the famous ball that you were reading about was given by the Duchess of Richmond on the evening before the battle of Waterloo, for when at school I had to learn Byron's description of the ball for a declamation."

"Did you?" said Clarence. "Let us hear what you know of it now. Make your bow, and we will all listen to you. No laughing, all sober faces."

"'There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

"'Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance; let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

"'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

"'And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"'"

"Well done. I did not think you knew so much of it."

"To-morrow we all go down to the battle-field of Waterloo. I hope we shall drive down, for it is only about twelve miles, as I want to go over the very ground on which the officers trod as they hurried from the ball-room with their dancing-shoes. I think they would not have felt very much like fighting the next day after dancing nearly all night."

Early the next day we were on the battle-field.

"Uncle, what is that high mound?"

"Why, all that earth was brought there; it is two hundred feet high. In the distance it looks somewhat like the great Pyramid we saw in Egypt, but that was more than 450 feet high. There are nice steps up this, but there the steps were three feet high; we had to get the Arabs to help us up them. A local guide will tell us all about this place. We shall get a general idea of the whole battle, as he describes it to us. He will point out the spot from which Wellington issued his orders, and where Napoleon gave his commands.

"Let us go up these two hundred and twenty-five steps to the top of the mound here. Now we are looking down upon the battle-field of Waterloo, yet still above us is the immense bronze lion weighing forty-eight thousand pounds."

The guide described the whole battle very vividly. We looked down upon the very spot where he told us Wellington said, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and where so many thousands were mown down like grass. Thank God, the time is coming "when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks."

"Well, Clarence," said Roger, "we have seen the 'FIELD OF WATERLOO,' and I shall remember it as long as I live. I know whenever I read anything about Waterloo I shall recall this day."

"It is the same with me."

"Which way are we going from Brussels, uncle?"

"To-morrow we shall be on the bank of the Rhine, at Cologne."

"Our long day's journey is at an end, and here we are at the

"COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

"Our guide-book says the two towers are five hundred feet high. This cathedral has been more than six hundred years in building, and was only finished in 1880. There is an expression often quoted, 'The workmen die, but the work goes on.' This has been illustrated in the building of this great edifice during these past centuries. When I was here in 1859, I found some parts of it in decay and other parts were just finished."

"Why, uncle, in that book of yours, 'The Better Life, and How to Find It,' there is a picture of this cathedral, and an illustration drawn from the famous window painted in the sixteenth century, to show that real Christians who enter the temple of God's grace there discover beauties not seen by those who live outside."

"Yes, Roger, the paintings on that window yonder might engage our attention for hours; but we can only see their beauties from the *inside.*

"Just so, often boys and girls, young men and women, hear Christians speaking of the joys of the Christian life, but they can never understand them until they have *entered into the temple of God's grace* through faith in Him who says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

"While thinking about this, I jotted down these lines, which may interest you, Clarence—

Within Thy temple we behold
The riches of Thy grace;
Its beauties, Lord, Thou dost unfold
To those who seek Thy face.

Here with enraptured joy we gaze
On scenes surpassing fair;
Here would we linger out our days,
And banish ev'ry care.

'Tis here with eye of faith we see
The Saviour on the cross:
Here from our sins we are set free;
Earth's pleasures seem but dross.

Truths that before in mystery
Were shrouded dark as night,
When gazed upon within these walls,
Turn radiant with the light.

"When a boy of your age, Clarence, I thought that religion was something that people needed to fit them to die, and that if I became a Christian I could not enjoy the pleasures of this world; but I can tell you I have had more real joy in one week since I have been converted than I had all my life before, and if you and Roger wish to be truly happy, and be fit for a blissful life beyond the grave, the sooner you become Christians the better."

Early the next morning our party took the train for Bonn, and, after a look at the University, were soon

SAILING UP THE RHINE.

"What castle is that yonder, uncle?"

"It is hardly a castle. It is called the 'MOUSE TOWER.' There is a very interesting legend told about this old Mouse Tower.

"Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, had a well-filled barn, but a famine came, and the poor people were starving. This cruel man ordered the people who were crying for bread to be shut up in the barn, and then he set fire to it, and the poor creatures were burned to death. The groans of the burning people did not touch the heart of this cruel man.

"He compared them to squeaking mice. That night the archbishop found his slumbers disturbed. He found rats by thousands pressing into his palace, ready to tear the flesh from his bones. Hatto fled for his life, crossed the Rhine, and suspended his bed in the Mouse Tower. The rats followed him by thousands. Southey has written a poem about it. I will read it to you, and you can believe as much of it as you please.

"'THE TRADITION OF BISHOP HATTO.

"'The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

"'Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell,
His granaries were furnished well.

"'At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay.
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

"'Rejoiced at such tidings, good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

"'Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
Set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"'"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

"'So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto ne'er slept again.

"'In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came;
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

"'As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm.
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats have eaten all your corn."

"'Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be;
"Fly, my lord bishop! fly!" quoth he;
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way.
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"'"I'll go to my tow'r on the Rhine," replied he.
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

"'Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

"'He laid him down, and closed his eyes;—
But soon a scream made him arise.
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

"'He listen'd and look'd; it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near;

"'For they have swam o'er the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

'Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

"'And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,—
And all at once to the bishop they go.

"'They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to judgment on him.'"

"Well, uncle, I think the rats served him right."

"Does this strange story remind you of any verse in the Bible, Roger?"

"Yes; it reminds me of a verse I heard my grandmother repeat when I was five years old: 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

"Yes; and in the last verse of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes we read, 'God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'"

CHAPTER VI.

Falls of the Rhine—Constance—John Huss and Jerome of Prague—Old cathedral—John Huss cast into prison—Sentence of death—The dates of their martyrdom—Songs of praise—Jerome's death—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

WE passed a very pleasant day at the falls of the Rhine. Our party of over twenty were all at the hotel just opposite the falls.

At night they were lighted up with electric light, which rendered the scene most enchanting.

The next morning we crossed the river, pressing our way through the boiling waters to a little island right in the midst of the falls. After dinner most of the party hastened on to Lucerne, in Switzerland, but some of us were determined to visit CONSTANCE, especially to see the place where John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burnt at the stake. I felt I could not go so near the place where these martyrs gave their lives for Christ without visiting it. Part of the way our path lay along Lake Constance, and finally we reached

the city. We were soon taken by a guide to the large hall in which the Council of Constance was held.

"How long do you say it lasted?" asked Clarence.

"Three and a half years. It was conducted by about four hundred of the great men of Europe, including emperors, pope, bishops, and cardinals. A great multitude of strangers, sometimes numbering fifty thousand, with thirty thousand horses, crowded into the city."

"But why did these men condemn good men like John Huss and Jerome of Prague to be burnt?"

"Let me ask you a question, Roger. Why did men who professed to be good put to death the Lord Jesus Christ? I can tell you, Roger, they were PROFESSORS, but not POSSESSORS, of true religion. JOHN HUSS and JEROME OF PRAGUE were humble, earnest Christians: they believed the Bible; they loved the Saviour, and wanted everybody else to do the same. They experienced the truth of God's word: 'They that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution;' and 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.'"

"How old did you say this hall is?"

"It was built about the time John Huss was born—about five hundred years ago."

"What beautiful pictures these are on the walls!"

"Yes. You will see some of them depict scenes in the lives of these martyrs."

"Let us now take a walk through the clean streets to the old cathedral, founded more than eight hundred years ago."

"Why do you want to go there, uncle?"

"It was in that church John Huss was condemned to death. There we can see the very spot where he stood when he received his sentence."

After a short walk they reached the cathedral.

"Here we are now. Let us go in."

"What is that brass plate on the floor?"

"That is the place, our guide says, WHERE JOHN HUSS RECEIVED HIS SENTENCE, without any signs of fear. At the close he knelt and prayed, so that he was heard all over the building: '*May Thy infinite justice pardon this sin of my enemies. Thou knowest how deformed with crime I have been represented. Let Thy mercy, which no tongue can express, prevail with Thee not to avenge my wrong.*' Of whom does that prayer remind you, Roger?"

"Why, it makes me think of Jesus as He hung upon the Cross, saying, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

"Did not this prayer, uncle, melt the hearts of the cruel enemies of John Huss?"

"No, Roger; it only made them more furious. They put a paper cap on his head, on which was printed, 'A ringleader of heretics.'"

"Didn't this make him angry?"

"No; it made him pity them all the more, to think they were so blinded. He was so much like Christ that he could love those who were just about to put him to death."

"Who was in the church when the sentence was passed?"

"A crowd of people, to whom he spoke in the most earnest manner, and said, 'You well know that I have not taught any of those things of which I have been accused.' When he told them he was willing to die rather than deny the great truths of salvation, about which he had preached, the bishop delivered him over to the emperor. His books were burnt at the gates of the church. The emperor had sent him a passport procuring him safety to and from the Council. On the way to Constance many of the people of Germany thronged to greet him because of the precious truths which he preached."

"And what was done with him?"

"Why, he was arrested and cast into a dirty, filthy prison. In the daytime he was loaded with fetters so that he could hardly move. After he had passed through one strict examination as to what he had written and preached, he was fastened every night by an iron ring against a wall. We shall see it in the morning."

"Why did not those who knew that he was a good man try to get him out of prison?"

"So they did, Clarence. The Bohemian noblemen drew up a petition for his release, which was presented to the Council. They were promised consideration by the emperor, but the answer of the pope and the Council was that 'FAITH WAS NOT KEPT WITH HERETICS.'"

"But Christians are not heretics, uncle? What next was done with him?"

"Twice he was brought before the Council, and offered life and liberty if he would deny the Truth, but he remained firm in his determination not to deny his Lord and Saviour. So great was the love of John Huss for his Saviour and the TRUTH OF HIS WORD, that he was willing to GIVE UP HIS LIFE in defence of it. Finally, he was put in a large cart and taken about half a mile from the cathedral outside the city to be burnt to death.

"Let us go and see the place. I will ask the guide to take us as near as possible over the very road John Huss went, and then we will go to the museum and see the cart in which he rode to the place of execution."

"Is this the place where he was burned?"

"Yes, I believe it is."

"Why, it is not a monument at all."

"No, Clarence; it is a great stone with an iron railing around it."

"Yes; but let us go a little closer. One side of the stone, you see, is polished. There are the names—

JOHN HUSS, July 6, 1415.	JEROME OF PRAGUE, May 20, 1416.

"It was here that John Huss stood, looking towards heaven, as he said, 'INTO THY HANDS, O LORD, I COMMIT MY SPIRIT; THOU HAST REDEEMED ME, O GOOD AND FAITHFUL GOD.'

"Here it was, Clarence, that he was bound to an iron stake; and as they put the chain about his neck he said, 'THE LORD JESUS WAS BOUND WITH A HARDER CHAIN THAN THIS FOR MY SAKE, AND WHY SHOULD I OBJECT TO THIS RUSTY ONE?'"

HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

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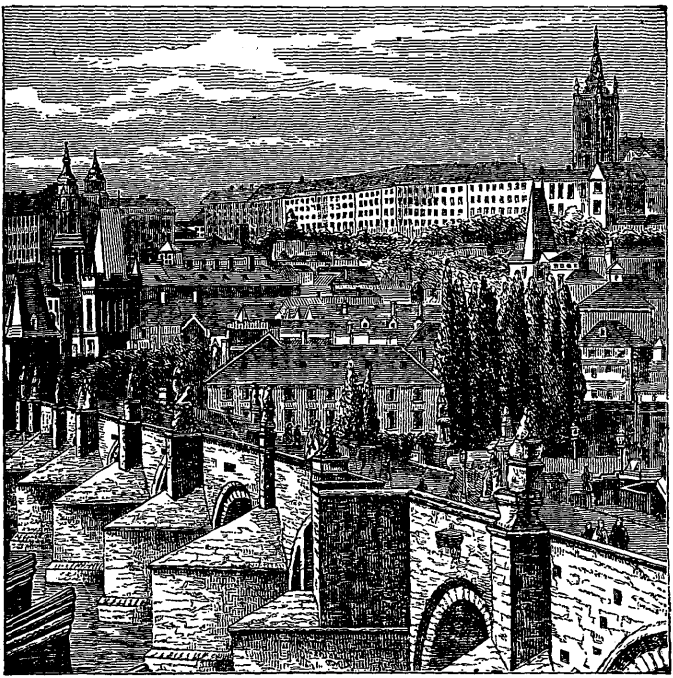
HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

"Can we see the chain in the museum?"

"Yes, Clarence. We will soon go and look for it among the many old relics there. Here stood the Duke of Bavaria, as they were packing the faggots around him, begging him to deny the Bible and the truths he had taught.



PRAGUE.

"'No,' said he, 'I have never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I have taught with my lips I NOW SEAL WITH MY BLOOD!' and he added, 'You are now going to burn a goose'—the name Huss

means *goose*—' and in a century you will have a swan that you can neither roast nor boil.'"

"What did he mean by that?" asked both the boys.

"It is hard to tell; but some think this prophecy was fulfilled in Martin Luther, who had a swan in his coat of arms. As soon as the fire began to burn, Huss burst forth in a song of praise, his cheerful voice rising above the crackling of the wood and the noise of the great crowd that witnessed his triumphant death."

"How is it that the name of Jerome of Prague is also engraved upon this stone?"

"Because, Clarence, he suffered on this same spot a year later. He was treated in the same manner as Huss. After he was condemned, his enemies placed a long paper cap on his head, and as they did so he said, '*Jesus Christ, when He suffered death for me, had to wear a crown of thorns about His head; I, for His sake, will wear this adorning of derision and blasphemy.*' When the executioner went behind him to set fire to the faggots, he said, 'COME HERE AND KINDLE IT BEFORE MY EYES; FOR HAD I BEEN AFRAID OF IT, I WOULD NOT HAVE COME HERE, HAVING HAD SO MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO ESCAPE.'"

"How long was it before he died?"

"He was a strong man, and it was a long time before the fire put an end to his sufferings, and he died in dreadful agony. The last words he was heard to utter were, 'THIS SOUL IN FLAMES, I OFFER, CHRIST, TO THEE.'"

"Isn't it time for us to be going?" asked Roger "What are you writing, uncle?"

"You must wait here a little while, for I must express some thoughts that are pressed upon me as I stand upon this sacred spot and recall to my mind the words of St. Paul in 2 Cor. xii. 9, 'MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.'"

See that martyr near thee stand!
He has heard his Lord's command;
"Be thou faithful unto death,
I will note thy parting breath."
Thou of fear can see no trace;
"All sufficient is my grace."

Higher still the faggots rise—
Flames are leaping toward the skies—
Fiercer still the words that fly,
Piercing him thus called to die.
Yet behold his smiling face—
"All sufficient is my grace."

Yes, this word it buoys him up,
While he drinks the dreadful cup;
Promised life, yet wrapped in flame,
Still he sings of Jesus' name;
Oh! what rapture in his face—
"All sufficient is my grace."

* * *

Standing near this sacred place,
Lord, I see Thy smiling face:
Thou art saying, "Trust in Me.
Boundless is My grace to thee—
Though a martyr's death be thine,
Still remember thou art Mine."

Lord, I hear Thy loving call;
At Thy feet again I fall;
Let sufficient grace abound,
Worthy then may I be found
E'en to suffer death for Thee,
Since Thou, Lord, hast died for me.

CHAPTER VII.

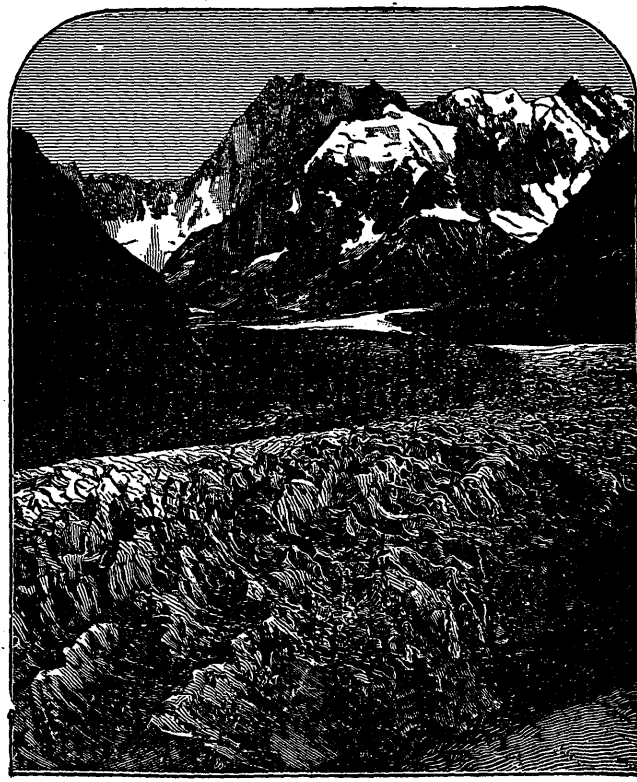
Under the shadow of Mont Blanc—Glaciers—Alaska—Mount Shasta—Etna—Gray Lock—Lost on the mountain—Psalm xci.—Chamouni—Telescope—Ascending Mont Blanc—Bound together—Fatal accident.

"I WONDER," said Roger, "what they are pointing away in that direction for? Nearly every one in the seven carriages behind us is looking in the same direction."

"Why, boys, that is the TOP OF MONT BLANC, with the snow shining upon it, so beautifully. I remember seeing it for the first time in the year 1859, from the top of an hotel in Geneva one Lord's Day morning, and I can never forget it. Away down in that long valley you can see the Mer de Glace."

"I have heard you tell, uncle, about some glaciers you saw in Alaska. Is this one anything like them?"

"You may as well compare a wee baby to a giant



MER DE GLACE.

as to compare the Mer de Glace to the glacier we saw in Alaska. That glacier was *five miles* wide at the base, about a *thousand feet* in thickness, and forty miles long. We tried to scale it and get to where we could see the top, but we found it impossible. We went up a long way and looked down into a crevice hundreds of feet deep, into which a Russian had slipped not long before and lost his life."

"Have you seen any mountains there as high as these?"

"Ah yes. This is 15,000 feet high. Mount St. Elias, which we passed, is over 17,000 feet in height, and Mount Shasta, where we spent a Sunday, is over 14,444 feet high. On our return from Palestine, we were greatly interested in seeing the sun rise on MOUNT ETNA—that great volcano in Sicily, covered with snow far down from the top. As we were sailing near it, it seemed to me at that time to be the highest mountain I had ever seen. Vesuvius appeared a small mountain compared with Mount Etna."

"When you were a boy, uncle, were you fond of mountain scenery?"

"Yes. When a student in William's College, I was delighted to climb as often as possible to the top of GRAY LOCK. One night three of us got lost on the mountain. We lighted a fire, and made our beds of hemlock boughs. Then we read Psalm xci.: 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust; . . . thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night . . . because thou hast made the Lord . . . thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall

any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands. . . . Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.'

"We turned to Psalm iv. 8: 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.' Then we knelt down and gave ourselves into the Lord's hands. We slept till day-break, and found our way to where our class-mates had been anxiously waiting for us in the old tower built by Professor Hopkins and his *Alpine club*."

Chamouni.

"What valley is this, uncle?" asked Roger.

"This is Chamouni, and we shall soon be at our hotel. See, the sun is shining so *beautifully* upon Mont Blanc."

"Isn't that a telescope?"

"Yes; but it is too late to look through it to-night. To-morrow morning we shall have plenty of time."

In the morning Clarence came bounding into the sitting-room, saying, "I believe I saw Mont Blanc before you did, Roger, this morning."

"How so?"

"I turned my bed round, and moved it up close to the window, so that I could look straight up to the top of Mont Blanc without getting out of bed. I woke up long before it was day, and just as the light was peeping through the clouds I saw it through the

window, looking like a great polished precious stone of some kind. I never saw anything so beautiful. I could not go to sleep afterwards for thinking about it. I saw two small stars gazing down upon what seemed like a beautiful sparkling diamond. They seemed like the eyes of two sleepless angels gazing upon the lovely scene."

"Instead of going up the mountain this morning, let us go down and look through that telescope. You see the sun is shining brightly upon the very top of 'the white mountain,' for that is the name of *Mont Blanc.* Can you see any one walking across it?"

"No, I do not believe there is any one there, for it is so bright, I believe I could see them."

"Ah no; the top of Mount Blanc is much farther away than you think. Now look through the telescope. What do you see?"

"Why, I see *three men;* they are almost at the top."

"Can you see the rope that binds them together?"

"No."

"But there *is* one."

"What is that for?"

"It is so that if *one* should slip and fall, the others would be most likely to help him up and assist him to retain his footing.

"Let me look through the telescope. On the other side of the mountain, half the way down, I see a party of thirteen slowly making their way over the crevices of the slippery ice. There, one has just fallen, but the others are helping him up. He has become so ex-

hausted that I see the strong guide is carrying him part of the way."

"Let me look," said Roger. "Ah yes, I can see him. One of the guides seems to be walking close beside him. I think his arm is around him. I wish we were all there."

"Yes; but if you were, you might wish yourself down here very soon. Mr. Vetter told us yesterday that when he ascended Mont Blanc the skin peeled off his face and hands, and his feet swelled most terribly. *Many* in attempting to go to the top of Mont Blanc not only fail, but *die* in making the attempt."

"What are those two statues in the hall at the hotel?"

"They represent Balmet and his guide, who first made the ascent of Mont Blanc just ninety-nine years ago. Only last month, two guides, with a gentleman from Lyons, tried to climb to the top of one of those peaks yonder, and slipped over one of the fearful precipices and *were all killed.* Yes, the fatal accidents that happen on these mountains are very numerous. Those dangerous places are like the pitfalls of Satan, that lie around us on every hand.

"There is a gentleman in the drawing-room with whom I had a talk last evening, and he said that when he had time he would tell me more about his ascent of Mont Blanc. Let us go in, and perhaps he will do so now."

"Will you have the kindness, sir, to tell something about your going up Mont Blanc last Monday? These boys would like to hear about it."

'Oh yes, certainly. Well, last Monday our company left this hotel in the morning, alpenstocks in hand, full of life and fun, and we expected that we should surely be able to stand on the top of Mont Blanc, fifteen thousand feet high. We left about six o'clock in the morning, and reached the *Grand Mulet*, where we remained until midnight. It is but a little hut yet there were forty people crowded into it. Most of us had no rest.

"At midnight we started for the top, with lighted torches in our hands. Each climber had two guides, to whom he was tied. Upward and onward we pressed our way, and across the ice over the deep crevices. Sometimes one of us fell, and if we had not been tied to the guides we should have fallen over the precipices.

"While we were pressing our way to the top, a terrible storm came on; but we pushed on through it. At length we came to a field of clear smooth ice—a glacis, as it is called. We thought, as we had got rid of the snow, we should before long be at the top."

"What did you do then?"

"Ah, you had better ask *what we did* NOT *do*. The chief guide said, '*We can go no further, for if in this high wind we venture to cross the field of ice, we shall be blown off, as were a party of fourteen some years ago. We have no footing on this slippery ice; we cannot cross it, and must return.*' We thought it better to heed his words than lose our lives. Some of our party were quite angry, and told the guide they were sorry they ever employed him. He said, '*You would be more sorry if I neglected to give you warning, and after we were a*

little way across you found yourselves falling over some high precipice. I do not want to lose my life, if you do yours, for as we are tied together, if one goes we shall all have to go.'"

"If all the guides ascending this mountain had been as determined as this one, fewer persons would have lost their lives."

"Uncle, did I hear you say that three young Englishmen that you knew something about lost their lives coming down Mont Blanc?"

"Yes. I well tell you how. They were hastening down the mountain-side, and they came to a smooth glacis, and one said, 'It is the nearest way down;' but the guide said, 'No; the danger is too great.' The young men were very determined to 'go their own way,' in spite of the warning of the guide, and forced him to lead them over the smooth surface. They were rejoicing in having obliged him to go '*their way*,' until they reached the point where the glacis became steeper. They drove their alpenstocks into the ice; but it was of no use. They cried for help; but there was no one to help them. Faster and faster they went, till they were all hurled over the fearful precipice and KILLED."

"Wasn't it dreadful?"

"Yes, indeed. I remember using this incident in the Hon. Baptist Noel's church in London, to show how sinners often heed not the voice of their Heavenly Father that calls to them—

'TURN YE, TURN YE: WHY WILL YE DIE?'

And just as I was describing these young men scorning

the warning message of the guide, and plunging down the fearful mountain-steep, a young lady shrieked out, so as to be heard all over the church, 'THAT WAS MY BROTHER! THAT WAS MY BROTHER!' I shall never forget the thrill it sent through the audience. Many eyes were bathed in tears, and I think the Lord used the shrill voice of that young lady to arouse sinners to see that they were standing on the slippery rocks of sin and in constant danger of being for ever lost. Ah,

'THERE IS A WAY WHICH SEEMETH RIGHT UNTO A MAN, BUT THE END THEREOF ARE THE WAYS OF DEATH.'

If these three young men had given heed to their guide, their lives would have been saved. That guide would never have undertaken to conduct those men up and down the mountain if he thought he was going to lose his own life in doing it; but

JESUS KNEW HE MUST DIE A DREADFUL DEATH ON THE CROSS

before He could take you and me from the dark valley of sin to His bright dwelling place on high. Should we not love Him with all our hearts, when He has done so much for us? When I was only seven years old, my grandmother taught me a hymn which I shall never forget. This is the last verse of it—

"'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.'"

"Uncle, I wonder who that lady is looking so

eagerly through the telescope? How excited she seems!"

"Why, that is her husband we have been watching all the morning on Mont Blanc."

"What was that cannon fired off for just then?"

"It is to show that the party have reached the top. Yes, there they are at the tip top of Europe, standing like flies on the cold tip of the earth's nose. If they, too, had wings I think they would be glad to fly down here, where it is warmer."

CHAPTER VIII.

Children's meetings in London—"Thinking of my sins"—"Are you happy?"—Roger seeking Jesus—Christ's death for us—How to be saved—Everything changed—Good singing—"God's Spirit convinced me"—"Afraid of the truth"—Hymn, "Old, yet ever New"—Eyes filled with tears—Inquiry meeting—Clarence led to Christ.

"WELL, Clarence, I have come over to your house to ask you to attend a meeting that uncle is to conduct in the Conference Hall to-night. It is for children and young people, and I think you would like it."

"No, I don't like meetings. I have to attend church twice every Sunday, and there I get all the religion I want."

"I used to think like you, Clarence, but since I have been attending these meetings I have seen lots of boys and girls who come to them, and they have got so interested that they have come night after night."

"But *I* have given up *trying* to be good, Roger. The more I tried the worse I got. I sometimes thought I would rather be 'bad' than 'good.'"

"I used to feel just so, Clarence, but the other night in the meeting, when I saw that Christ had died on the cross for us, I felt how wicked I had been not to love Him. It seemed as if my sins were piled up all around me, and ready to destroy me. I felt more troubled than was that Frenchman who was invited to a dinner at Amsterdam, and thought the waters of the ocean would run into the city and destroy it in two days, and was afraid to accept the invitation. It seemed to me as if my sins were so many that I could not escape; I felt I *deserved* punishment for them all. I heard God's word ringing in my ears, 'Flee from the wrath to come.' I felt that unless I repented and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, I must be for ever lost. I thought of those men that uncle told us about who were coming down Mont Blanc, and you remember they were determined to have their own way, and finally they came to the slippery place and began to slide faster and faster, and dragged the guide with them to destruction. I found that I was sliding down slippery places; but in that meeting when uncle told us about the great love of Jesus in dying for us, when he explained how it was that He took our place, and 'bore our sins in His own body on the tree,' I felt what a sinner I had been not to love Him. Yet I was so stubborn that when the 'second meeting,' as they call it, commenced, I would not stay, but went away home, and did not *want* anybody to speak to me. I thought

I should get rid of those odd feelings by the next morning, and tried to go to sleep, but could not."

"Why couldn't you sleep, Roger? *I* generally go to sleep the moment I tumble into bed."

"So do I, but I could not *that night*. I kept thinking about my sins, and that I should never meet my dear mother and grandmother in heaven, unless I repented of them and believed in Jesus.

"The next night I went to the meeting again, and there I heard so much more about how Christ suffered on the cross for us, that I began to feel that I was an awful sinner not to love Him, and I stayed to the second meeting. Then a boy about my own age came to where I was sitting, and I noticed he had a Bible in his hand. He sat down beside me, and asked me if I was happy. I told him 'No.' I did not see how anybody could be happy when they were in danger of being lost for ever. He then told me how happy he had been since he had become a Christian. He said he used to *think* he was happy sometimes, but that he had learnt that the happiness of a true Christian is far greater than that of others. He asked me if I should like to be happy, and I told him 'Yes.' Then he opened his Bible and read Isaiah liii. 6, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; . . . the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' He turned to me and said—

"'All have sinned against God. Have you?'

"I said 'Yes; I know I have been a bad boy a great many times, and done many wicked things.'

"'Then you have broken God's laws a great many times. Don't you deserve to be punished?

"I said, 'Yes.' Then he read the last part of the verse to me again, and asked me to read it: 'THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL.' He asked me what it meant. I said, 'I cannot talk; I feel so troubled.' He explained to me that it meant simply this: that *Jesus had borne the punishment we deserved;* that He had been 'wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities.' I began to

feel what I had never felt before—that God *did* love me and had given His Son to die for me, and that Jesus had suffered in my stead and 'borne my sins in His own body on the tree,' and He was now willing to carry me as a lamb in His bosom. And then it seemed to me that

THE GREATEST SIN I HAD EVER COMMITTED WAS THAT OF NOT LOVING JESUS.

I thought of what uncle had been saying in the meet-

ing about Jesus: and of the crown of thorns He had worn for us, and how the cruel stripes that we deserved had been laid upon His bleeding back. And while tears were running down my cheeks, that dear boy, whom I now love, opened his Bible and read 1 John i. 9: 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And he said, 'That is what I did. I told Him I was sorry for my sins, and asked Him to forgive me. Now, if you will kneel down here by my side and confess your sins, and ask Him to forgive you, for Jesus' sake, He will do it. He did it for me, and I have been happy ever since, and *He will do it for you.* At the same time ask Him to give you a new heart, and it will not be long before you will feel a change, and you will begin to love the things you never loved before, and to hate the things you never hated before.'

"I tried it! found it was true! I told God I was sorry I had been such a wicked boy, and asked Him to forgive me for Jesus' sake, and I feel sure that He did. Uncle called it the 'witness of the Spirit.' I don't exactly know what he meant by that, but I feel *sure* that I have something new—what the Bible calls a new heart—for since then I have felt so different.

"I love those meetings now, but I did not before. I have been around to-day to get all the boys I can to come. Will you go too?"

"Roger, I don't want those people talking to me. They will ask me questions that I cannot answer. If you will promise to come out of the meeting directly it closes, I will go with you."

"Well, Clarence, I tell you what I will promise; that when the address is over, if you *want* me to come home with you, I will do so, but I am going to pray to the Lord that you may be so interested that you will wish to stay. When you are listening to the singing, which lasts all through the inquiry meeting, you will only be too glad for some one to speak to you about Jesus. I don't know how it is, but many in that after-meeting get this new heart which makes them so happy. I ran away from the first one, and when I got to bed that night I was ashamed that I was such a coward as to run away from my best friends, who wanted me to be as happy as they were. I felt that I was like a starving man running away from a good dinner, or like those men in Switzerland who were determined to go the wrong way down Mont Blanc, and met their death, while the kind guide was saying, 'TURN YE, TURN YE; WHY WILL YE DIE?'"

"Well, Roger, I never heard you talk so before. We were long together on the Continent, and saw in the picture galleries such beautiful paintings of the Crucifixion, yet I am sure I never heard you talk about Christ like this before. You heard your uncle talk about these things when we were at Chamouni, near the place where the three men lost their lives coming down the mountain. When we were at Geneva, you remember, we went into the cathedral where John Calvin preached, and in Paris we went with your uncle to the McAll mission, yet you never talked to me in this way. What is it that has made the difference in you? I should think that you would have been afraid

to ride down the steep mountains, with the deep chasms yawning before you, if you had really known that you would be lost for ever if we had fallen and been killed. Why didn't you ask uncle how to be a Christian then?"

"I will tell you. Uncle says IT IS THE SPIRIT OF GOD at work in the meetings that has led to this great change in me. There are Christians in other places where he has been who are praying that the love of God in sending His Son to die for all may be deeply felt by those who come to these meetings.

"I knew my danger in Switzerland, but I never *felt* it as I do now. I was like those people in Holland, who sleep every night just as if their beds were not lower than the ocean, and there was no danger of their being drowned at any moment. And yet, when I looked over Dort from Rotterdam, and knew that thousands of people laid down to sleep that night in Dort and the villages around, and on awaking the next morning saw the mighty waters of the ocean just ready to rush in upon them, threatening every moment to be their ruin, I thought what an awful thing it would be if I was called suddenly to die, and my soul be lost for ever. I THOUGHT of it, but I very soon FORGOT all about it; but since I have been at these meetings, I have thought *not* so much of my danger but more of my *ingratitude in not loving the precious Saviour.* It seems to me, as I said before, that this is the greatest sin I ever committed.

"Now, Clarence, I want you to come to the meeting to-night. I am going to pray that you may feel just

as I do, and that you may learn how THE LORD JESUS CHRIST HAS DIED UPON THE CROSS FOR *you*."

"Very well; I will come, and we will sit in a back seat near the door, so that if I do not like the meeting we can run out."

"Well, well, Clarence, you are not afraid of uncle, surely?"

"No, I am not afraid of *him*, but I am AFRAID OF WHAT HE PREACHES."

"That makes me think, Clarence, of that verse in Galatians iv. where Paul says, 'Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?' Good ministers are not our enemies, but our best friends; they tell us of the danger we are in. It is always better to know of danger than to leave it to the last moment, and then with anguish to cry, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' Clarence, may I ask if you intend to be a Christian?"

"Yes; but not until I get older, Roger. I want lots of fun, but if I become a Christian I am afraid I shall have to be as sober as a judge."

"Ah," said Roger, "that reminds me of a little girl we heard about in the meeting the other night, who used to offer this prayer: 'O God, make me a Christian, but not now, for I do love to laugh and be happy; but do not let me die suddenly, as many children do, but make me a Christian a fortnight before I die.' She learnt, however, the folly of that prayer, and afterwards became a happy Christian."

"Well, Roger, I believe I will go with you."

"Come on, then, or we shall be late."

"I will get my hat, and we will be off; but remember, I am not going to be anywhere near that big platform you talk about. I want to sit near the door, so that if I don't like it, as I told you, we can slip out when we please."

As they approached the hall they heard the singing, and crowds of persons were pressing into the building from all directions. The hymn was given out as follows:—

"There is a story sweet to hear,
I love to tell it too:
It fills my heart with hope and cheer;
'Tis old yet ever new.
'Tis old—yet ever new!
I know—I feel it's true;
'Tis old, yet ever new.

"They tell me God the Son came down
From His bright throne to die,
That I might wear a starry crown,
And dwell with Him on high.

"They say He bore the cross for me,
And suffered in my place,
That I might always happy be,
And ransomed by His grace.

"Oh, wondrous love, so great, so vast,
So boundless, and so free!
Low at Thy feet my all I cast;
I covet only Thee."

When it was finished, Clarence turned to Roger and said, "That is the best singing I have heard for a long time."

"Yes; so it is, Clarence. Many people come here at first just to hear the singing. I heard one boy say it was as good as a concert.

"Every night uncle tells us some stories, and the other night he told us about a man who was very fond of singing and music, but who disliked ministers and evangelists very much. He went to church one day, and enjoyed the singing, but when the sermon began he put his fingers to his ears. Just then a fly settled on his nose. He tried to shake it off, then he tried to blow it off; but the fly seemed to say, 'I won't budge.' At length the fly tickled his nose so much that he lifted his hand from his ear to drive it off. Just then the minister gave out his text, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' The man thought he had better listen to that text, and the sermon too; and it proved a great blessing to him. So I hope, Clarence, you will get interested in something more than the singing."

Afterwards there was Bible-reading and prayer, in which all joined aloud, which was something new to Clarence. He had never been in the habit of praying. His father and mother were not Christian people, and he had seldom heard prayers except at church; but with the rest he followed the speaker. Afterwards he said, "Roger, it seemed as if we were speaking to God, and that He heard every word we said to Him. It made everything seem very solemn."

When the address was commenced, Clarence's eyes were rivetted upon the speaker. At times, when he showed that all were sinners and that all had broken some of God's laws and deserved to be punished, the deep flush that passed over his face showed the strong feelings of his heart. At last, when it was shown how

God could BE JUST AND YET FORGIVE THE GUILTY FOR JESUS' SAKE, the tears filled his eyes. It was a new revelation to him that JESUS HAD SUFFERED INSTEAD OF THE GUILTY SINNERS, "and had borne our sins in his own body on the tree;" and when at the close of the address, all bowed their heads in prayer, following the speaker sentence after sentence, Clarence's voice was heard solemnly, tenderly, and tearfully following the prayer that was offered. Clarence's heart seemed overflowing. Numbers around him were affected in the same way.

Just then the choir sang very softly—

"Come to Jesus."

while all those who were not saved were invited to remain for conversation and prayer.

Soon numerous Christian workers were moving softly from one to the other of the anxious ones, seeking to obey the command of the Lord, "Weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that do rejoice."

Presently a lady sat down beside Clarence, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Would you like to be a Christian?"

"I never thought I should until to-night, when I heard that we could never be happy here and hereafter until we repented of our sins, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. I then felt I *should* like to be a Christian. But I don't know how to believe in Him."

"You believe the Bible, don't you, my boy?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"You know it is God's book. You *know* you are a sinner."

"But I never *felt* what a sinner I was until I heard about the love of Christ to-night, and when I saw how grateful George was to those three boys who took the punishment he deserved, I felt how grateful I ought to be to Jesus for bearing 'our sins in His own body on the tree.' I felt what a hard-hearted sinner I had been not to love Him, and I was very much ashamed. I felt very miserable. I have heard the Bible read many times before, but somehow it never came to *me* that CHRIST LOVED ME AND DIED FOR ME until to-night. I could not keep the tears from my eyes when thinking how wicked I had been not to love Him."

"Then, you are sorry for your sins, are you, my boy?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And you understand from what has been said and read from the Bible that Jesus took the punishment in our stead? You have seen how 'He died the just for the unjust, to bring us to God.'"

"Yes, I think so."

"He, you see, was the *Just* and Holy One; we were the unholy and guilty sinners. He died to save us poor lost sinners, and asks us to confess our sins, repent, believe, and rejoice in Him for ever. Now, my dear boy, are you willing to do that?"

"I think I am."

"Then, here is a verse I want you to read—1 John i. 9: 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Will you now confess your sins and pray with me a little prayer? Let us kneel down and

pray. Will you follow me in this prayer now? While they are singing—

"'I will trust Him, just now;'
'Jesus, take me, just now;'
'Don't reject him, just now'—

let us both offer this prayer, sentence by sentence—

"O God! I am sorry for my sins. I know I am a great sinner, that I have committed many sins I deserve to be punished for; but Jesus Lord, I have seen to-night how Thou hast died upon the cross for my sins; how Thou hast suffered the punishment I deserved. All my sins on Thee were laid. Thou hast borne the whole punishment. Thou didst wear the crown of thorns, that I may wear the crown of joy in heaven. Thou lovest me so much that I feel I *must* love Thee. I believe that God will forgive me all my sins for Thy sake, and make me His for evermore, and write my name in the book of life. I promise, by the help of Thy Holy Spirit, to love and serve Thee. Amen."

After Clarence had followed, sentence by sentence, this kind lady engaged in a few words of earnest prayer, commending him to the Lord's keeping, and asking Him to help Clarence to believe that as he had now come and asked pardon of his sins, and given himself to Christ, that He *had* received him and forgiven him all his sins for Jesus' sake.

As they parted, Clarence promised the lady to seek her out the next night in the inquiry meeting, and tell her how he was getting on in seeking to follow Jesus.

CHAPTER IX.

The good news—Anxiety for father and mother—"Where have you been?"—The happy change—"Trying to get farther"—"What Christ has done"—"Weeping will not save me"—"Looking to Jesus"—Clarence's experience—"Needed to be forgiven"—"Not afraid of Christians now"—God ready to forgive—Must tell everybody—"Spirit of God touched my heart"—The father's conversion—Family prayers—Parrot talking differently—Drink given up—The floral tract—Whitefield and the drunkard.

THE next evening Clarence did not need Roger to urge him to go to the meeting. He was there long before the time, waiting to tell the good news that he was a changed boy.

"Oh," said he, "I wish my father and mother could understand how happy I am; but when I went home last night I wanted some one to sympathize with me, some one to kneel down and pray with me; but father was

engaged writing. When I went in, the first question mother asked was, 'Where have you been so late?' I said, 'I have been to the children's meeting;' and father inquired, 'What did you go there for?' I hardly knew what to tell him; I was almost afraid to say what I had been doing. I thought they might find fault with me, so I did not say much. After sitting a while with mother, I went off to bed, and there in my room prayed God to help me tell mother all about the meeting, and that she might tell father. Before I went down in the morning I read that verse in Matthew x. 32—'Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.' Then I read in 2 Corinthians xii. 9—'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and I just believed that God would help me tell mother all about my conversion, and I asked Him again that she might tell father. So as soon as he had gone away, I went up to mother and put my arms around her neck, and said—

"Mother, I wish you had been at the meeting last night.'

"'What meeting?'

"'Why, the meeting that I went to.'

"'Oh yes; you went off to bed, without saying anything about it.'

"Then I told her all about the service, and that I was never before in such a meeting; that I had not understood about these things; and that I was sure I had a 'new heart.' She asked me what I meant by a 'new heart.' I told her I could not say exactly, but that I felt very differently from what I had before, and

that last night and this morning I prayed for her and father that they might both become Christians.

"'But,' she said, 'how can we be any better than we are?'

"'Well, mother,' I said, 'I thought I was pretty good, and should get to heaven somehow or other if I did as well as I could, and went to church twice on Sundays, and kept out of bad company; but I found out last night at the meeting that my greatest sin was that of not loving and trusting Jesus; and when I heard about the great love of Christ in giving Himself to die for all of us, I began to weep to think how sinful I had been not to love Him, and in the second meeting, as they call it, a lady came to me and spoke about my soul, and while she was speaking and praying with me I gave myself up to Jesus, and prayed to Him. And then it seemed as if a great load fell off me. Why, I began to feel all at once very happy, as if I loved everybody. I am sure I will love that lady as long as I live, and I thank God that He sent her to me to teach me more about Jesus, and I thank Him for helping me to understand what was said in the address to the children. You know I used to go to sleep almost every Sunday when I went to church with you. I could not understand what the minister said, but yesterday I understood every word. I want to go to the meeting this evening. Won't you go with me, and try to get father to come? There were a great many besides children there; I saw a man as old as father sitting near me weeping, and I heard him say to the

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gentleman that was speaking to him, "What shall I do to be saved?"'

"'Well, Clarence, I think I will go with you to-night, for I have sometimes feared I was not a Christian, although I attend the house of God regularly, and try to do as well as I can.'

"'Yes, mother; but "uncle" told us that it was *not* what *we* can do, but *what* CHRIST HAS DONE that saves us, and he repeated that verse—

"'"Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."

And then another verse—

"'"Weeping will not save me;
Though my face were bathed in tears
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years;
Weeping will not save me!
Jesus wept and died for me,
Jesus suffered on the tree,
Jesus waits to make me free;
He alone can save me."

And he told us of a good man who had pointed many to Christ, and yet when he came to die said the sky was all dark, and in his despair cried, "I believe I am lost, in spite of *all* I *can do*." A friend standing by, and knowing he was a good Christian, said, "Yes, you will be lost, in spite of all YOU can do." The man at once answered, "I thank you. I had forgotten that it is not what *I can do*, but

that saves me and opens the gates of heaven," and so he died happy.'

"'Well, dear Clarence, I will go with you to-night, and see if the meeting will do me any good.'"

When the hour of meeting arrived she was sitting beside her dear boy, listening to every word that was said. At times the tears started from her eyes as the story, "old, yet ever new," came with power to her heart, so long a stranger to the Saviour's love.

The last hymn given out was—

"Lord Jesus, we would look to Thee,
Upon the lifted cross;
We pray that Thou wouldst help us see
Our righteousness as dross.

"Thy work, O Lord, and Thine alone,
We make our only plea:
It only can for guilt atone,
And set the sinner free.

"Thy work, alas! we ne'er can tell,
Its depths of agony;
When Thou didst rescue us from hell,
Upon the blood-stained tree.

"In triumph then Thou didst proclaim,
Salvation's work complete;
Before our God we plead Thy name:
'TIS FINISHED,' we repeat."

Every word seemed to show her more clearly that Christ had indeed finished the work on the cross, and that because of His "finished work," we could now have our sins forgiven.

At the close of the address she resolved to stay, with many others, for conversation and prayer.

Captain J—— talked and prayed with her, and ere long she looked away to the cross, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved; and while repeating the words—

"Drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do,"

the burden of sin rolled off and peace and joy filled her soul.

Clarence watched with deep interest the strivings of the Holy Spirit with his dear mother. He pressed up to her side, his countenance beaming with delight, and said, "Dear mother, have you given your heart to Jesus?"

"Yes, my son, I believe I have. I can trust Him. I wish I could get your dear father to come here and listen to this 'story of Jesus and His love.' It has melted my heart, and taught me that it is not by works of righteousness that we can do, but by the works of righteousness that Christ *has* done, that all can have their sins forgiven."

On returning home they found Clarence's father reading the newspaper. The first question was, "Where have you been so long?"

"Oh, father," said Clarence, "we have both been to the meeting, and we are converted."

"Converted to what?"

"Why, don't you know, father, we have begun a new life. We want you to come to Jesus."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, father, I went to the meeting the other night just to please Roger. You know, Roger travelled with us last summer on the Continent. I learned to love him very much. Don't you remember we were constantly together, so that when we returned home we had become fast friends? He has often been here to see me when you were away at business, so that you have not seen him. He came the other evening, and persuaded me to go to a meeting his uncle was to conduct.

"I went just to please him. I never had a thought about being a Christian. I always supposed that religion was something for Sunday, and that people only needed it when they came to die. At that meeting they sang so sweetly, and most of the children—I mean those that had given their hearts to Jesus—seemed so happy, that I thought I would like to be as happy as they were.

"I FOUND OUT THAT I WAS A SINNER, and needed to be forgiven."

"I think, my son, you are a very good boy. I do not know that you have ever done anything very wrong."

"Yes, father; but Roger's uncle says that the Bible declares WE ARE ALL SINNERS, and need to be saved. I felt that the greatest sin I had ever committed was that of not loving Jesus, when I saw how He had suffered for us, and how He let those wicked men drive the cruel nails through His hands and feet, all that we might be happy and have new hearts. I

thought what a hard-hearted boy I had been not to love Him in return."

"How strangely you talk, Clarence."

"Well, it made me think of the boy in America we were told about, who thought that he was so mean not to love Jesus after what He had done for him; and I felt so too. After the first meeting was over, a lady talked to me and prayed with me, and asked God to give me a new heart, and I am sure He did, for I was never so happy in my life. I love to pray now, and I love to read the Bible. I used to read it before, but I never LOVED to read it. I am not afraid of Christians now. Before, if I thought anybody was going to talk to me about religion, I should have said, 'I don't want to hear it.'

"When we were in Holland, Roger's uncle told us that the angry waters of the ocean were all round ready to rush in and destroy the places at any moment, and so he said the waters of sin were rising higher and higher around every one, and would engulf all those who would not come to Christ for pardon and peace; but I did not understand what he meant.

"It is all clear now; I know all about it. I can see that my sins were increasing every day, and that I was more and more in danger of being lost; but I now see that Christ *has taken all the punishment for me*, that God was ready to forgive me for His sake. I just asked Him to forgive me, and I believe, father, if you were to ask Him, He will be just as ready to forgive you as He was me, and I know that you would be very happy indeed if you would only give your heart to Jesus."

"This is certainly something new to you; I never heard you talk like that before, Clarence."

"No, father; I never understood these things until now. No one ever talked to me as they did at that meeting the other night.

"I told Roger I would sit near the door, so that if I did not like it, I could get out. I felt I could not bear to sit near the big platform or the singers that he talked so much about. I really did not want to go at all; but as the meeting went on I began to feel differently, and I am certain that since then I have felt as though I were living in a new world, and I can say with Paul, 'Behold, old things have passed away, and all things have become new.' I mean, by God's help, to get all the people I can to come to the meetings. Father, won't you come?

"I used to think, father, that if ever I became a Christian I would not tell anybody; but now I feel that I should like to tell everybody. Father, won't you promise me to come to the meeting to-morrow night?"

"Well, well, Clarence, I cannot *promise*, but I will think about it."

He not only thought of it, but attended several of the meetings. He said but little about them.

One night Clarence noticed his father in the second-meeting near the door. His head was bowed down, and tears were in his eyes.

"Oh, Clarence dear, I was never in a meeting like this before. It must be that the SPIRIT OF GOD HAS TOUCHED MY HEART, for I feel I am a great sinner. I

thought before I was on the way to heaven, but I now understand, what I have heard this evening, 'that some journey to the judgment-seat with a lie in their right hand.' I have been a 'PROFESSOR' but not a 'POSSESSOR' of religion for many years of my life until now, and when we were told to-night about the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Haslam, while he was in his own church preaching from the text, 'What think ye of Christ?' I thought if *he* could be deceived, that it was not so strange, after all, that I had been deceived. But *is there mercy for me?*"

"Oh yes, sir; there is mercy for you," replied an earnest Christian, who had heard this conversation. "The Saviour who saved your young son and your dear wife is able to save you. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"I don't know *how* to be saved."

"Are you willing to kneel down with me and ask Him to save you? Are you willing to be told that you cannot do anything to be saved; that Christ has 'borne our sins in His own body on the tree'?"

"Yes; I am willing to be told anything, and to do anything, that I might be saved."

"Then, there are two truths that you should clearly understand. They are these: (1) THAT YOU ARE A SINNER AND HAVE BROKEN GOD'S LAWS; and (2) THAT JESUS CHRIST, THE RIGHTEOUS, HAS FINISHED THE WORK OF REDEMPTION UPON THE CROSS, AND THAT ALL WHO BELIEVE ON HIM SHALL BE SAVED; that He who knew no sin 'has been made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'

Justice has been satisfied, and God will forgive you for Jesus' sake. Will you kneel down and ask Him to blot out all your sins?"

"Oh yes, sir; if it is so easily done, I will, God helping me."

"Then, let us offer up this prayer together. Will you follow me in each sentence?

"O God, pardon all my sins. I have been a great sinner; I have broken Thy laws; I have despised Thy word; I have rejected Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world; but now *I see He has given Himself to be sin for me, I give myself to Him.*'

"'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!'

"And now, since you have asked God, for Jesus' sake, to forgive you, let us ask the Holy Spirit to help you feel that God has indeed received you for Christ's sake.

"O God, show to this dear man that Jesus' finished work on the cross was for his salvation, and that it was *necessary* in order that he might have his sins forgiven; and now that pardon has been offered to him, give him grace to know that 'Thou art faithful and just to forgive him his sins, and to cleanse him from all unrighteousness.' Help him to say

"'Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.'

For Jesus' sake. Amen."

The next night Clarence was early at the meeting. His face was lighted up with holy joy at the very thought of the conversion of his father and mother.

"Oh, Roger," said he, "I cannot tell you all the good news. We shall be happy at home now. God has answered my prayers. Mother and father are converted, and this morning after breakfast we all prayed. Father read the Bible and prayed; then mother

FAMILY DEVOTION.

prayed, and then they asked me to pray. I didn't think I could, but I thought of the words, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it;' and the Lord did so. While I was praying I heard father and mother crying; and when father got up from his knees he put his arms around my neck and kissed me, and said—

"'My dear boy, I am glad you asked me to go to the meeting the other night. I was never so happy as I

am now. The sun shines more brightly, the canary sings more sweetly, and I believe our very parrot will begin to talk differently. It now imitates the popping of corks from champagne bottles; but I am going to smash every champagne bottle in the house, and it will stop Polly every time she makes that horrid noise.

"'I hope that you, my dear Clarence, will never take a drop of such drinks. I have been afraid that you might be tempted to drink as my brother used to, and die an awful death as he did.

"'I have resolved a great many times that I would never touch another drop of alcoholic liquor, but I made the resolution in my own strength, and the first time temptation came I did not resist.

"'If we go travelling on the Continent again, I will set a better example than I did last time. I will not ask you to drink wine again, my dear boy, for I see the danger and how much evil it has done.

"'I have often felt that drink was becoming more and more a tyrant over me, and I was going slowly but surely down to a drunkard's grave; but now I have learnt how to pray, I believe that God will help me and take away this appetite for drink, and give me strength to stand against every temptation, and I know you will pray earnestly to God for me—won't you, Clarence?'

"'Indeed I will, dear father.'

"'What is that picture in your pocket?'

"'Why, that is a FLORAL TRACT that Roger's uncle wrote. He gives them away at his meetings, and last night he distributed two thousand. Each night to

every one who attends he gives away one of these, or a copy of one of his nice little books, or some leaflets. The children are very eager to get them.'

"'Well, what is it?'

"'I will read it aloud to you.'

What Can a Child Do?

I will tell you what *one* child did who had learned to trust in Jesus. In a back seat at an inquiry meeting I saw a little girl who had found the Saviour a few days before, with both her arms around her father's neck. With the tears rolling down her cheeks, she was saying, "Dear father, won't you come to Jesus? Don't you remember when, by that accident, you were almost killed, you said you would be good afterward? *but you did not come to Jesus.* You forgot all about Him after a little, and became as wicked as ever. You will be so happy if you would only trust Him. You knew what a wicked girl I was; but after I came to Jesus and got a new heart, I became a better girl. How can you help loving such a precious Saviour? He loves you, father,—He died that dreadful death on the cross that your sins might be forgiven, and won't you come to Him?"

I said, "Will you not listen to your darling child?"

His only answer was, "I am considering the subject."

At this the child wept louder than ever, and said, "Oh, papa, don't reject such a precious Saviour; you will be lost for ever if you do."

But he would not yield, and as the meeting closed the child seemed heart-broken.

A few nights afterwards, a young lady came to me and said, "My father is up in the men's inquiry-room, and my little sister is there pleading with him to come to Jesus. Will you go and speak to him?"

She led me to her father, and there I found this same little daughter, no longer pleading with him to come to Jesus, but thanking God that he was coming. Her left arm was thrown around his neck; her right hand was uplifted, and she said, "O God, I thank Thee that my dear papa *is* coming to Jesus. Dear, precious Saviour, I know Thou wilt receive him. Thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'" His handkerchief was wet with tears—of Godly sorrow for sin. I believe angels were rejoicing at the touching sight.

A few days after, just as I was starting with a company of young converts and Christians for Newville, a gentleman said, "Would you like my little daughter to go with you to Newville?"

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Why, don't you remember *me?*"

"No," said I; "I never saw your face before." And indeed I had only seen a *portion* of it, for it was mostly covered with his hand and handkerchief while his little daughter was pleading with him. "Oh," said I, "is it YOU; and did Jesus give you that smiling face? Has He answered your dear child's prayers?"

"Yes; I believe He has. We now have prayer in our family, and I thank God for my praying child."

She went with me to Newville, and told the story of her conversion in such a tender manner to the children that many were melted to tears, and I believe were led to seek and find the Saviour.

A good minister, after preaching on the text, "And they brought him to Jesus," said to his little boy as they were returning home, "Whom will *you bring* to Jesus, my son?" His quick answer was, "I THINK I'LL BRING MYSELF FIRST."

Have you yourself, my young friend, trusted in Jesus? He loves you. He has suffered on the cross that you might be forgiven. Trust in Him with all your heart.

Will you not take this prayer upon your lips, and kneel down and pray, and then, like this child in Harrisburgh, you may be the means of bringing some one else to Jesus

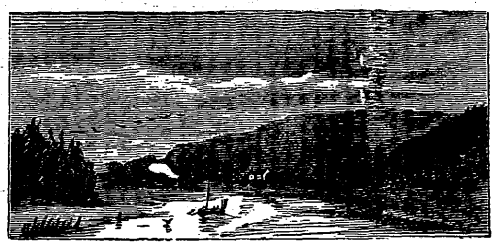
PRAYER.

O God, I am sorry for my sins. I know I have often sinned against Thee. But Thou hast loved me, and GIVEN THY DEAR SON TO DIE IN MY PLACE, WOUNDED FOR MY TRANSGRESSIONS—BRUISED FOR MY INIQUITIES. Thou hast said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." So I ask for the pardon of my sins, and I believe Thou wilt give it to me, and give me a new heart, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"'There, Clarence, that little girl was the means of her father's conversion, just as I believe you have been the means of your mother's and mine.'

"'But, father, you have forgotten how much I

prayed for you and mother since I was converted. Uncle said it was *the Lord who converted us.* The other night he said that once a poor drunkard said to George Whitefield, "I am one of your converts." Mr. Whitefield said, "You look very much like *some man's* convert. It is plain the *Lord* never converted you, or you would not be seen staggering through the streets half-drunk;" and he said that when God converted people He helped them to let it shine out in their lives. And so the Lord will help you and me to resist temptation, and leave the world better than we found it.'"



CHAPTER X.

Address to the children—Adam and Eve—The tree of knowledge—The temptation—Every child a sinner—God's Law—Gethsemane—Christ's sufferings for us—McCheyne—"Can't help loving Him"—Three boys suffer for one—All our sins on Christ—A savage wolf—Russian woodcutter—Christ's death for us—"Do you love Him for it?"

GOOD morning, Roger. What has brought you over so early?"

"Well, Clarence, I have something to show you."

"What is it?"

"It is something in this paper, which has every word of the address that uncle gave the night you were converted."

"What! are all the stories in it?"

"Oh yes! The reporter took a shorthand note of all that was said. I have read it all, and it seems as if I can hear uncle talking, and trying to make it simple so that everybody could understand it."

"Well, Roger, you read half of it aloud, and I will read the rest."

"Very well; then I will begin:—

THE ADDRESS.

This evening I want to talk to you about JESUS CHRIST, who gave Himself for us that we might have our sins forgiven. I want each one to feel that HE LOVED YOU AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR YOU. I wish you to be able to say with Paul, in Gal. ii. 20, "THE SON OF GOD, WHO LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

Do you know the object of this meeting, dear children? It is not only to learn beautiful hymns, although that might be very well. The one great aim is to teach you to LOVE THE PRECIOUS SAVIOUR. Dear Christians here have been praying that the HOLY SPIRIT MAY HELP YOU TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE SINNERS AND TO PUT YOUR TRUST IN CHRIST. Do I hear some of you saying, "I don't *know* much about Jesus?" May I tell you why it was that He came into this world and died on the cross for us? Let us go back to the beginning.

At one time there was no world here. The great God made this world out of nothing, and caused it to revolve on its axis once in twenty-four hours. He caused the earth to fly around the sun at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour, so that, when it has travelled 365 days, a year is completed. By these two motions of the earth we have day and night, summer and winter. He put the fish in the sea, the birds in the air, the cattle upon the hills, and the sheep in the valleys, and made the green grass to grow, and the

beautiful flowers to spring up on every hand. After the world was all fitted up so beautifully, there was no one here to take care of and admire the beautiful things God had made, and He said, "Let us make man." So He made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden of Eden, and gave them everything they could desire. He told them that they migh eat of all the trees in the garden but one. He said to them, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of

THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL, THOU SHALT NOT EAT:

for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." But an evil spirit, called SATAN, came into the garden. He was the enemy of God, and he said, "Ye shall not surely die." They believed the lies of Satan and disbelieved the words of God, and looked upon the fruit and ate it.

As soon as they had done so they became afraid, and hid themselves from the presence of the Lord among the trees of the garden. The Lord called unto Adam, and said, "Where art thou?" And he answered, "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid." And the Lord said, "What is this that thou hast done?" His excuse was, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, *she* gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And the Lord said unto the woman, "What is this thou hast done?" And the woman answered, "Satan beguiled me, and I did eat." "You have both disobeyed me," said the Lord; and He drove them

out of Eden, and placed "at the east of the garden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

Ah! did you ever think of it, my dear children? Jesus had to let the sword of justice pierce His soul, in order that you and I might enter the Garden of Eden above. But now the terrible truth which concerns us is this—EVERY BOY AND GIRL, EVERY MAN AND WOMAN, THAT HAS EVER LIVED UPON THIS EARTH SINCE THE DAYS OF ADAM AND EVE HAS DISOBEYED GOD. We all have listened to the lies of Satan. We have rebelled against our heavenly Father, even as they did. Even the youngest child here to-day is what the Bible calls "a sinner." All have sinned.

In Rom. iii. 10 we read, "There is none righteous, no, not one."

I do not need to prove to you from the Bible that you are sinners. YOU KNOW IT. You have often felt it; you have thought wicked thoughts; you have spoken wicked words; you have done wicked things. You go to school; and suppose you break the rules, the teacher says, "You have broken the rules, and you must in some way be punished." You know that is right.

There are persons in England and in America who have broken the laws of these countries, and must be punished. I have seen many in prison in various parts of the world, condemned to be shut up for years, and some all their lives, for the crimes they have committed. Should I go to the authorities and say, "You are cruel to shut up these people many years

for the crimes they committed in a few moments"? I say, "No!" for it is right that those who break good laws should be punished.

Now, GOD has laws. They are written in the Bible and written on the conscience. YOU have broken some of those laws in thought, word, or deed. You deserve to be punished. As soon as Adam and Eve sinned they hid themselves among the trees in the garden; and when you have done wrong you felt like hiding your face. Sometimes you have let wicked thoughts lead you, and they ended in wicked actions, and you said, "If the judgment-day should come now, I am sure I should be on the left hand." God has seen all your sins.

Some short time ago on board

THE TRAINING-SHIP "SHAFTESBURY,"

sixteen of the boys resolved to rebel, and kill the captain. They had all their arrangements made. They were down in the forecastle, talking it over, while he was on the deck above listening. He thus knew the very time and the way they had planned to kill him, and as they at midnight came to his door to take his life, he sprang out upon them with a drawn sword. He ordered men to put them in irons, and afterwards sent them away to a reformatory. They have learned now that the captain was listening to every word they were saying. Just so God has heard all your wicked talk. He knows all your sins.

A few years ago I saw

THE OLD POST OFFICE IN NEW YORK,

which has since been pulled down. Above the ceiling in a small room just over the "money-order department," there was a very small eye-hole, through which a man was always looking while the clerks below were sorting money letters. One day one of the clerks, after looking about him to make sure that no one saw him, slipped into his pocket one of the letters in which he thought there was money. Then the man above came down to the chief postmaster, and told him of the clerk who had stolen the letter. The policeman and the postmaster went to the clerk and said, "Give me that letter!" and he said, "What letter?" "The letter you have just put in your pocket." Then the policeman put his hand in his pocket and took it out, and the poor clerk was dragged away to the police-station, and then to the court, and at last sentenced to be imprisoned for a long time.

He little thought that the eye above him was looking down and seeing that secret act. Ah! my dear children

GOD HAS SEEN ALL YOUR SINS.

They are all written down in His Book of Remembrance. And God said, "How can I forgive these children?" It was His love for us that led Him to make His good laws, and there is no law without its penalty. "How can I help punishing them?" said God; and Jesus said, "Father, I will suffer on the cross for them. I will bear their punishment. I will give Myself to die in their place. I am willing to be wounded for

their transgressions, and bruised for their iniquities, that they may have peace." And God promised Jesus that if He would bear the punishment which you and I deserved on account of our sins, He would forgive us, and give us new hearts, for Jesus' sake, and finally take us home to the beautiful mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare for them that love Him.

Perhaps you say, "Well, how is it that Jesus, having died on the cross so long ago, can make it possible for God to forgive us all our sins?"

Have you really thought about how much He suffered? You have heard about Him, and sometimes you have heedlessly read chapters in the Bible which described His sufferings when He was crucified; but will you not open your Bibles and read and follow in the footsteps of our dear Saviour all the way that sad night to Calvary?

I well remember when in Palestine, trying to do that, and often I found my heart melted in love for the precious Saviour. We visited the Garden of Gethsemane, and there the hymn that we sang yesterday came to my mind, and I jotted it down, that children whom I love might sing it, and thus be led to trust in Jesus.

"My Jesus, I would ne'er forget
That hour I spent with Thee:
When there I saw Thy bloody sweat
In dark Gethsemane.
I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget
I'll ne'er forgetful be,
When there I saw Thy bloody sweat
In dark Gethsemane.

"'Twas in that olive grove I felt
That Thou hadst died for me;
Alas! how great I saw my guilt,
While in Gethsemane!

"I thought of how Thy heart did throb,
While 'all' Thine own did flee,
And left Thee with the cruel mob,
In sad Gethsemane.

"Should e'er our love to Thee grow cold
And we forgetful be,
We'll call to mind Thy love untold
While in Gethsemane."

I have been trying to show you how easy it is to come to Jesus and be saved. But oh, it was not such an easy thing for Jesus to suffer for us, that He might save us from our sins and guide us to heaven. Let us open our Bibles, and spend a few moments in following the footsteps of our Saviour from the Garden of Gethsemane to the cross of Calvary; and may we be led to say and feel it, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." In Luke xxii. 42–44 we hear Him saying, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me. . . . And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." The thought of being treated as a sinner, and having God turn His face away from Him, caused this. He saw that there was no other way for us to be saved, and He loved us so much that He was willing to die for us, and so, in Matt. xxvi. 42, we hear Him saying, "Thy will be done."

Let us read on in this twenty-second chapter of St. Luke, from forty-fifth verse, "And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them

sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. And while He yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss Him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" We learn from the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of John that "the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound Him, and led Him away to Annas first." In the fifty-fourth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Luke we see Him again taken and led to *Caiaphas*, the high priest's house. And we see, in the sixty-third verse, how cruelly they treated the Son of God, who made all things: "And the men that held Jesus mocked Him, and smote Him. And when they had blindfolded Him, they struck Him on the face, and asked Him, saying Prophesy, who is it that smote Thee?" In Mark xiv. 65 it says, "Some began to spit on Him, and buffet Him"—that is, they struck Him with the clenched fist—"and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands." Oh, how wonderful that He should have borne all so meekly and willingly for you and me! And what hard hearts you have had not to love Him in return! But this was not all. Let us read on. In the first and second verses of the twenty-third chapter of Luke: "And the whole multitude of them arose, and led Him unto Pilate. And they began to accuse Him." Fourth and fifth verses: "Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this Man. And they were the more fierce." Oh, how like ravening

wolves they thirsted for His blood! saying, "He stirreth up the people teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place. When Pilate heard . . . that He belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him to Herod." And now, in the eleventh verse, we see that, after a mock-trial, "Herod, with his men of war set Him at nought, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate." In John xix. we see how this wicked Roman officer treated the Son of God: "Then Pilate . . . took Jesus, and scourged Him"—with a great whip till, no doubt, big drops of blood ran down His back. "And the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on His head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote Him with their hands. Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring Him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him."

No, my dear children, if Pilate could have justly found any fault in Him, His death for us would have done no good; but He never did one wrong thing in all His life. Yes, He who knew no sin was made sin for us. "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe." The crown-jewels which encircled the Queen's brow are guarded by wakeful eyes day and night in the Tower of London. They cost thousands of pounds. But Jesus, the King of kings, wore this cruel crown of thorns that you and I might wear a crown of glory in heaven. Sixth verse: "When the chief priests therefore and officers saw Him, they cried out, saying, Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

Sixteenth verse: "And they took Jesus, and led Him away. And He bearing His cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: where they crucified Him."

They laid the cross down upon the ground, and took great nails, and drove them through His hands and

THE CRUCIFIXION.

feet. Legions of angels were ready to deliver Him. But no; the Son of God gives Himself up to be "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." In agony of soul more than of body, He cries, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" HE WAS FORSAKEN THAT WE MIGHT NOT BE FORSAKEN.

Shall we stop, and sing very softly?—

"I see Thee hanging on the tree,
Thy groans the still air rending;
I feel—I know—it was for me:
Oh, love so condescending!
Oh, help me, Lord, that I may feel
The truth of that sad story;
Then at Thy cross I'll constant kneel,
And give Thee all the glory!

"I hear Thee, 'Abba! Father!' cry,
As forth Thy blood is flowing;
And then, for me, I see Thee die,
Thy head so meekly bowing."

And the words of Jesus to you are in Isa. xlv. 22: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." God's word to young and old here this evening, is, "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD." * Will you repeat it aloud with me? "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Those of you who are weeping to think that your sins helped to nail the Saviour to the cross, may, if you will, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ at this moment, and be saved.

It seems so strange to me, that when Jesus Christ has done so much for us, there should be any here who do not love Him.

A LITTLE GIRL

among the inquirers in Dundee, in Scotland, said to me in an inquiry meeting that her heart was so wicked she could not love the Saviour.

* John i. 29.

She seemed to feel her sins were very great. Again she said, "I am so wicked, I cannot love Jesus." As she had learned that she needed a "NEW HEART," I told her more about what Christ had done for lost sinners. In a few moments she looked up with a happy smile, saying—

"I CAN'T HELP LOVING HIM. I wonder I never loved Him before, when He loved me so much as to be willing to suffer punishment and death for me!"

Why, if an earthly friend had done half as much for you as has this One, who so "well deserves the name of Friend," I am sure you would not be so ungrateful as not to love him in return.

Here are some beautiful lines written by Jane Taylor. I pray that they may lead you to feel how Jesus loved us and gave Himself for us—

"Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?—
Jesus died on Calvary!

"Nailed upon the cross, behold,
How His tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made Him one of thorn!
Cruel hands! that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

"See! the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side;
Hark! He now has breathed His last—
With a mighty groan He died!
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

"He, who was a King above,
Left His kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity—out of love,
That the guilty He might save
Down to this sad world He flew,
For such little ones as you!

"You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved His holy frown;
But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children;—this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

"Come, then, children, come and see;
Lift your little hands to pray:
'Blessed Jesus, pardon me;
Help a guilty sinner,'—say:
'Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die.'"

A few days ago, in another part of London, Mr. Spiers told a very interesting story which illustrates what I have been saying. I will try to tell it to you.

The Broken Rule.

A teacher in England made a rule most important for the government of the school. He had it printed in large letters. Whoever broke that rule must have six strokes with the cane upon his bare hand. One day a boy was found guilty of having broken this important rule. The teacher called him up and told him that he had broken the rule and must be punished; but he said, "I will not punish you now; I will wait until after school-hours." That boy would rather have been punished at once than to wait and think about the six

heavy strokes that he must have on his hand. When the time came for closing the school all the children went out but this boy who had broken the rule.

The teacher called him to him and said, "I am sorry to punish you, but you know the rule, and that six strokes must be laid upon your hand. Now, hold out your hand." He then got the cane, and was about to bring it down severely upon his hand, when the schoolroom door opened, and three little heads popped in. The teacher called out

"Who's there? What are you interrupting me for?"

"Please, teacher——"

"What do you want?"

"Please, teacher——"

"Well, what is it?"

"Please, teacher, may we take the six blows he ought to have? It will only be two each for us."

It was quite a new idea to the teacher, and he finally allowed them to come to his side, and said, "If you will take the six blows I ought to have put upon this boy's hands, just as hard as if you had done this wrong, I will let him off."

"We love him, teacher, and will take the punishment for him." And then these three little boys stood in a row, and each one held out his hand and received two heavy blows each for their comrade's sake. What do you think James said when he went up to those boys, after they had borne his punishment? "Why," he said, with tears in his eyes, "how can I ever repay you for bearing my punishment? I shall give you

some of my apples and sweets, and I shall love you all as long as I live."

Do not these three lads lead us to think of what we read in Isa. liii. 6—"*The Lord hath laid on Him the* INIQUITY OF US ALL"? Wouldn't it have been very unkind of that boy to have gone away without thanking these boys for bearing the punishment which he deserved, though not one of them had the courage to bear the whole punishment?

In America a boy wrote me a letter, saying, "Yesterday afternoon when you told us how Jesus suffered in Gethsemane and upon the cross for us, I FELT HOW MEAN IT IS NOT TO LOVE HIM." Don't you think so too? I am sure I do.

By this story are we not led to think of the LORD JESUS, who gave His life a ransom for us?

I must tell you another story to illustrate His wonderful love for us.

A SAVAGE WOLF.

In the northern part of Russia the winters are very cold. The streams are frozen, and the wolves become very hungry, and press their way in from the wild places towards the homes of men. Sometimes they become very bold, and go from one house to another in search of food.

Away in the country lived a woodman and his daughter, about twelve years of age, and a baby sister. His wife was dead. One morning he said to his child, "I am going into the forest to-day to cut wood. About

four o'clock make up a good fire, bake some bread, and get dinner for us."

She did not forget what her father had said; so about four o'clock went round the corner of the house to get some wood, leaving the door open. Coming back with a large stick on her shoulder, she saw a great hungry wolf entering the door, and just as she was coming into the house the wolf was ready to spring upon her. She struck the beast on the head with the heavy stick with all her might. She then managed to get behind it, and then blow after blow was given, which drove the hungry wolf out of the house.

Upon looking round, she saw that the wolf's two young ones were sniffing around the cradle where her little baby sister was sleeping. She at once flew at these young wolves to drive them out. This caused their mother to come back much enraged. For a long time did this noble sister struggle with the savage beast. She saw she was in danger of being killed, but was determined to save her little baby sister. She watched her chance, and quickly caught her up in her arms and put her upon a shelf in a cupboard and shut the door. As she was getting down the mother wolf

sprang upon her, and drove her sharp teeth into her neck. The poor thing was soon bleeding to death.

Just then the father came home, and instantly flew at the wolves with a heavy club and drove them out of the house, and shut the door. There lay his little daughter upon the floor nearly dead. She feebly pointed to the door of the cupboard. He thought she wanted water, but when he opened the door he found the little babe safely rolled up on the upper shelf. After taking it down, he put his ear close to her mouth, and in a little while he heard very faintly the story that I have told you.

Now, this brave girl was willing to die to save her baby sister. Her body was laid away by the side of her mother under the cold snow in the yard near the house.

How do you think her little sister will feel as she grows up, and stands by the side of her sister's grave and thinks of how she loved her, and how she gave herself for her? Will not tears fill her eyes often? and will she not say, "My dear sister LOVED ME, AND GAVE HERSELF FOR ME."

Suppose she should say, "Oh, I don't care; I did not *ask* her to die for me. I never saw her. Why should I love her? Why should I shed any tears over her?" What would the boys and girls in Russia say to her if she were to talk in that way? Why, they would be ready to throw her among the wolves, and say she *deserved* to be torn in pieces by them.

Ah, how much more Jesus suffered for us when He shed those great drops of blood in the Garden of

Gethsemane!—when in Pilate's hall He was buffeted, and scourged, and wore the crown of thorns, and was nailed on the cross, there to "bear our sins in His own body on the tree."

And yet, have not some of you said, "I have never seen Jesus; I never asked Him to die for me. It was so long ago. Why should I love Him for it?"

Ah! my dear children, it is wrong of you to talk in this way. You should be very sorry for not loving Him long ago. He has been calling you to look unto Him and be saved; but instead of looking unto Him you have rejected Him.

In His Word He says, "Ye have hated Me without a cause." Yesterday some of you were here anxious about your souls. You were invited to stay to the second meeting, for conversation and prayer, and you were unwilling to have any one know you wanted to find the way to heaven. Your teachers in the Sunday School have often prayed for you because they knew that you would never be happy here or hereafter until you had repented of your sins and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, how cruel of you to reject such a Saviour! I should think you would feel like covering up your faces, like some women I have seen in Africa. I saw some of you weeping last evening, but

"Weeping will not save you!
Though your face were bathed in tears
That could not allay your fears,
Could not wash the sins of years;
Weeping will not save you!

Jesus wept and died for thee,
Jesus suffered on the tree,
Jesus died to make you free;
He alone can save you."

Will you not bow your heads and repeat, line by line, this prayer after me?—

Dear Jesus, we come to Thee with our sins. We have been very wicked; we have told lies and disobeyed our parents, and done many wicked things. We have walked in the dark ways of sin too long. We have not loved the Holy Bible. But, O dear Jesus, worst of all, we have not loved Thee; we have often rejected Thee. Our sins helped to crucify Thee; and yet Thou wert willing to die for us. Thou wert "wounded for our transgressions." Thou art able to save unto the uttermost. Thou hast said, O God, if we confess our sins Thou art "faithful and just to forgive us our sins." O God, we do humbly confess our sins. We repent of them; we wish to forsake them all. O God, help us to be sorry for our sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus, who died on the cross for sinners like us. Dear Jesus, show us Thy love, so that we cannot help loving Thee. Thy blood cleanseth from all sin. Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief. Help each of us to say from the heart—

"Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee."

Holy Spirit, help me to do this, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"Well, that is the longest address, Roger, I have ever read to the end. When you said, 'Let us read it through,' I thought we should start, but never get it finished; but it is so full of stories and illustrations that I kept on reading, and almost before we knew it, it was done. I am glad I read it. It will help me to remember it, and I shall not forget that it was during the address I felt I could never be happy here or hereafter until I gave my heart to Jesus."

"I, too, am glad we read it. I am going to cut it out of the paper and put it in my scrap-book. I wish I could get some boys I know to read it and give up their bad life and come to Christ."

"And I know some boys, Roger, who told me they had often 'tried to be better,' and failed. I believe they always will fail, until they come to Jesus as we have done. I am going to get a copy of that paper, and send it to my sister at boarding-school. I have written her a letter this morning. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, if you please."

London, March 14, 18—.

MY DEAR SISTER NELLIE,

I wish you had been at home these past few weeks.

We have been having some meetings here that have interested me very much. I think I hear you saying, "What *kind* of meetings have interested *you*, for you never liked *anything* that had the name of religion connected with it?"

No, I never *did*, until lately. I used to think that religion was something we needed to think about when we came to die, you know. I was always fond of fun and frolic.

Last summer, when we were on the Continent, we travelled with a party from America. There was a boy by the name of Roger with them. He and I were always good friends. We used to run about and climb the high mountains together, and go down into the deep valleys, through the gorges, and across the glaciers, and I got very fond of him. We had a splendid time.

Roger's uncle used to tell us stories, and often wound them up with something that touched our hearts. I did not like it very well at the time, but I see now he was trying to do us good, and I thank him for it. He has been in London holding meetings for nearly seven months, every day in diff rent parts of the city. Thousands of boys and girls have attended the meetings. I went just to please Roger, but I soon learnt to love them. I felt every word was for me, and I found out that I was a sinner. A lady talked with me in one of the meetings, and told me how I could be a happy Christian if I would trust in Jesus. She read the Bible to me and explained to me how Christ died for us. So I just gave myself to Him and asked Him to forgive me. He did, and gave me a new heart, and I have been happy ever since.

I wish you were as happy as I am, Nellie. The Bible is quite a new book to me. Now I can understand it better. Before I never understood it at all.

Now it is like food to me. I am not afraid of Christians now, as I used to be. I like to be with them. Father and mother have been attending the meetings, and they are as happy as I am. I heard mother say she was going to tell you all about it. Now, Nellie, I want you to tell me what you think about these things. I am going to pray for you.

With much love,

CLARENCE.

"Well, Clarence, as you have read the letter that you have written, I will read you one that I wrote last night to my mother."

DEAR MOTHER,

When we were on the Continent, I used to write to you every week and try to tell you some of the wonderful things we saw day after day. You remember that I wrote a long letter from Heidelberg, in which I told you about the wonderful old castle; and another from Baden-Baden, that beautiful place where there used to be so many gamblers. These gamblers now go to Monaco, where so many people commit suicide after losing all their money gambling.

I wrote another from Geneva, and one from Paris; but I think I have got the most important letter to write you now that I have ever written. I know, dear mother, you have often prayed for me, and you used to talk with me and urge me to be a Christian; but I never understood it, and I never wanted to be a

Christian until I attended some meetings that uncle was conducting in London.

Everybody seemed so happy in them, and the singing was so cheerful, that I began to feel I was like a man spending his life down in a dark cave, and that I did not want to stay there any longer; so I asked Jesus to lead me out into what they call "the light and liberty of the gospel." I never knew what that meant before. I have heard ministers in America use those words, but they were like Greek to me. Now I know what they mean. It is all sunlight now where it was darkness before.

You used to ask me to read religious books, but I soon got tired of them. Now I love them, and can understand that verse, "Old things have passed away, all things have become new." I know you have prayed for me, and I know grandmother used to pray for me. At one time, when I was a very little fellow, she took me away alone and prayed with me. Oh, how I wish I had given my heart to Jesus then! What a dreadful thing it would have been if I had died before I was converted! I should never have met you and grandmother, and so many dear friends whom I love, in heaven.

You remember I wrote you Clarence was with us all through the Continent, and I got very fond of him. As soon as I gave my heart to the Saviour, I began to pray for him, and now he is converted. I determined I would get him to the meetings if I could. I had hard work to do it. He laughed at me, and said he did not care anything about such things. He was

happy enough, and thought if he became a Christian he would lose all his pleasure. But he is just like me now, and says he never was so happy in all his life. He has been doing all he can to get his friends and relatives to come to Jesus, and I think he has got some of them to do so. His father and mother have attended the meetings, and like them very much. He has a sister Nellie, who is away at boarding-school. He wants her to come to London and attend some of these meetings. He thinks if she did she would become a Christian.

Your affectionate son,

ROGER.

CHAPTER XI.

For young Christians—"Looking unto Jesus"—The stage-coach—Strange visitor—Freddy's surprise—"The gentleman who saved your life"—How have you treated Jesus?—Advice to doubters—Clarence's letter to Nelly—Masquerade ball—The parrot and the crows—Bad company—"They didn't think"—Letter from mother—Fable—"The world between me and Jesus"—Shipwreck—"Mother's been praying for me"—Closing words—Study God's Word.

"GOOD evening, Roger. I have come round to take you to the meeting for young Christians."

"Oh, you mean the one down in the Hall to-night?"

"It is time now, so you had better hurry up. It was full last night, and it will be crowded to-night, for it is the last of the services."

The first part of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews was read, after which the children

were asked to take for their motto for this year, "LOOKING UNTO JESUS." To show the young converts how ungrateful they had been not to love the Saviour, Mr. Spiers told the following beautiful story:—

A number of boys were hastening out of a private school, when the lumbering stage-coach, with four horses, came rolling into the town. They ran eagerly towards it as it stopped for the passengers to get out. They all came down except one gentleman. Two men helped him down with some difficulty. They brought his crutches and put them under his arms as he reached the sidewalk.

"Can you walk?" said the man.

"Yes, thank you, I think I can. It is not far."

With difficulty the invalid crept along with his crutches. He had only gone a few steps before a boy ten years of age cried out, "GO IT, OLD RATTLE-BONES!" and all the others called out, "*Go it, Old Rattlebones!*" He looked round with a grieved expression on his face, as much as to say, "How can you be so cruel?" His face was very white after his long journey. Slowly he moved along the footpath until he reached the house where he was expected to tea. In the mean time the boys continued their fun and frolic on the village green.

Now, if you please, we will go back ten years.

In front of a large white house in that town you might have seen a nurse with a baby-carriage, and a lady standing at the gate telling her where to go and what time to come back, and, above all, to *take care of the baby.* Away she goes, and we will follow her to

the river-side some distance off, where, after she had pushed the carriage a long way, she turned it round with the handle towards the water, so that the child might see her while she picked up something on the sand. No sooner did she let go the handle, than away it went right down the incline into the water.

The girl gave a dreadful shriek, again and again.

A gentleman heard her cries, and knew that there must be something the matter. There was the carriage down in the water, and without hesitation he plunged in and saved the child, and put it into the nurse's arms.

You may be sure a large number of people gathered around him. There he lay, almost senseless, and had to be carried home, where he had a severe attack of rheumatic fever. The doctor said it was impossible for him to get over it. Another doctor said he might get through, but it would be a kind of living death; and for ten long years he was just able to move about his house and grounds. He had to move away to a warmer climate. He received several letters from the father of that baby boy, asking him to come and see them, and stay as long as he liked, as he was the dear friend who had saved the child's life. At last he wrote to say that on a certain day he would come, as he should so like to see that little baby boy whose life he had saved. *That was the gentleman who had been called* "OLD RATTLEBONES!"

We must now return to the boys who, you will recollect, have been at play all this time on the green.

The clock is striking five; so they say, "We must go home, Freddy."

He soon rings the bell of his father's house. The servant says, "Freddy, your papa has been inquiring for you; he wants you. Make haste!"

Then his father says, "Freddy, is that you? What a long time you have been at play! Wash your face, and brush your hair, and come down into the drawing-room; some one wants to see you."

Something pierced Freddy's heart, and he began to tremble. He thought, "THAT FRIEND MAY BE THE MAN I INSULTED." He went slowly to his room. He took such a time to get his hair smooth. It was a *long while* before he could manage to get downstairs, and then he got to the door of the drawing-room, and his father said—

"Come in, Freddy. What a long time you have been!" Poor boy, he did not speak. There sat the kind gentleman, warming his hands by the fire. As Freddy stood before him he felt how glad he would be if the floor would open and let him through. His father said, "*Freddy, this is the gentleman who saved your life when you were a baby. You don't remember it, but I do. We have been waiting so long to see him. We wanted him to see you before he died. He says he does not think he will live long.*"

Then the gentleman raised his hand, and said "Freddy, I am glad to see you; you are a fine boy. Since I saved you from drowning I have had TEN YEARS' PAIN AND SUFFERING; BUT I DO NOT MIND DYING, NOW THAT I SEE YOU SUCH A FINE BOY."

Now, *that* was the boy who had called out, "Go it, Old Rattlebones!" and set twenty others doing the same.

As Freddy looked upon the man whose heart had been pierced with his cruel words, his eyes filled with tears, and, throwing his arms around his neck, said, "Will you forgive me for calling you Old Rattlebones?"

My dear young readers, don't you see what a contemptible thing it was to insult the gentleman who had saved his life? But think, how some of you have for six, ten, and fifteen years, known that JESUS HAS DIED TO SAVE YOU, and yet *you have insulted Him, your best Friend!* You have ridiculed those who have been your best friends, and in doing this *you have insulted Jesus.* If you have not thanked your Saviour, you have been very ungrateful. May this story go home to your hearts. Don't you see how badly you have treated your best Friend? I want you to shut your eyes and bow your heads in

PRAYER,

and ask His forgiveness—

Dear Saviour, forgive me for the way in which I have treated Thee. Thou hast loved me and given Thyself for me. But I am ashamed to say I have not loved Thee as I should. I am very sorry. Please to forgive me, and give me a new heart, so that I shall never do this again. With God's help I promise from this time to try to show my love for Thee by trying to do what I can to get others to love and trust Thee. Lord, help me to do this, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"Well, Roger, what did you think of the meeting to-night?"

"I thought, Clarence, that what was said to the young converts was very important. I often tremble when I see how weak I am. How liable I am to fall into sin. There were a good many things said that made me feel very deeply the importance of praying and reading my Bible every day."

"I shall not forget what was said about that meeting in the Rev. Baptist Noel's church seventeen years ago, when Mr. Moody was there in one of uncle's meetings."

"What was it?"

"Don't you remember uncle said that when he asked Mr. Moody to speak a few words to the young converts, he said, 'YOUNG CONVERTS, IF YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO LEAVE JESUS, DON'T BE SO SHABBY AS NOT TO BID HIM GOOD-BYE.' And uncle said that while we were bidding Him 'good-bye,' we were to tell Him some reasons why we were determined to leave His service, and he believed we should be so ashamed of our poor excuses, that before we had done so we should feel our hearts going out in love afresh to Christ, and make up our minds not to bid Him 'good-bye' at all. Well; I will tell you, Clarence, another thing that *I* shall not forget. It is about that boy who said—

"'Father, is the devil bigger than I am?'

"'Yes, my son.'

"'Is he bigger than you are?'

"'Yes; ever so much.'

"'Is he bigger than Jesus?'

"'No.'

"'Then I am not afraid of him, for JESUS WILL HELP ME TO RESIST HIM.'

"'Therefore,' uncle said, 'he tells us to 'resist the devil and he will flee from you.' He knows that He is ready to stand behind us and help us to resist the devil, or He would not tell us to do this—for He knows our strength is weakness.'"

"One thing I remember, Roger. Uncle said that whenever we doubt as to whether we have become Christians, we should go right away to Jesus, and say, 'Dear Saviour, if I have not given my heart to Thee before, I do it now,' knowing that He will receive us whether we are Christians or not, because He says, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"That is just what I did last night. I did something wrong during the day. The devil stood by me and said, 'You are not a Christian.' I ran to my room, and knelt down and said, 'Dear Saviour, if I have never given my heart to Thee, I do it now,' and I read that verse in 1 John i. 9, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' So I confessed *my* sin; I told Him I was sorry, and after that I felt better. I prayed to Him not to let me yield to temptation again."

"Clarence, what letter is that in your pocket?"

"Oh, that's what I have been writing to Nellie. You know I wrote to her some time ago, and told her about my conversion. But when she wrote t m he

did not seem to speak as though she wanted to become a Christian. I was dreadfully disappointed with her letter. I hoped she would say that she would love the Saviour. I have written her another letter. I have prayed to God to help me to write in such a way that it would touch her heart. I have told her in my letter one of those stories of uncle's last night. Here it is. I will read it to you—

"A young lady was preparing for a masquerade ball, and was standing before a large mirror fitting upon her head a crown, decorated with silver stars. Her little sister climbed up into a chair beside her, and was trying to touch the stars with her finger, when the elder sister said—

"'What are you doing?'

"'Oh,' said the little one, 'I was just thinking what our Sunday-school teacher told us last Sunday. She said if we first gave our hearts to Jesus, who bled and died on the cross for us, and truly loved Him, and then got some one else to love the Saviour, we should have them as stars in the crown of our rejoicing in heaven. I have given my heart to Jesus. I love Him. I know I am a Christian, for I love to pray now, and I like to hear the Bible read. I only wish I could get some one else to come to Jesus, then I should have a star in my crown.'

"The elder sister did not push her away again, but went silently away to the ball. She was very unhappy. Everything seemed to go wrong with her. She became so dissatisfied that she left before the ball was over, and, returning home, she went quietly into

the room where her little sister lay sleeping, and knelt down by her bedside. She silently kissed her cheek saying, with broken heart, as her eyes filled with tears, 'My dear, darling sister, you shall have one star in your crown of rejoicing.' She then, in the still hour of the night, knelt by her bedside and gave her heart to Jesus."

"Clarence, I hope that story will lead Nellie to give herself to the Saviour. I wish she had been at the meeting last night and seen how happy the young converts were."

"So do I with all my heart. Here are two stories uncle told last evening, which I am going to send to sister Nellie. The first is called—

"THE PARROT AND THE CROWS.

"One beautiful spring, a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in sowing one of the largest fields in corn, but the neighbouring crows made sad havoc with it. The farmer, however, not being willing that a future crop should be destroyed, determined to drive the crows to their nests. So he loaded his gun with the intention of shooting them.

"Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative as those birds usually are, and, being very tame, it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. 'Pretty Poll,' being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over the fence, and was soon busy with the crows in the farmer-like occupation of 'raising corn.'

"The farmer, with his gun, went forth. Reaching

his cornfields, he saw at a glance the state of affairs (though he overlooked the parrot). He fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows and a *shriek from poor Poll.*

"On looking among the dead crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a *broken leg.*

"'You foolish bird!' cried the farmer. 'This comes of keeping bad company.'

"On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, asked—

"'*What did it, papa? What hurt our pretty Poll?*'

"'BAD COMPANY! BAD COMPANY!' answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

"'Ay, that was it,' said the farmer. 'Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and BEWARE OF BAD COMPANY.'"

"The second story—

THEY DIDN'T THINK,

—was repeated to show us that we should be careful to heed warning words spoken to us by those who have more experience than we.

"Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
Tickled so a little mouse,
Almost made him sneeze.
Old rat said, 'There's danger;
Be careful where you go.'
'Nonsense!' said the other;
'I don't think you know.'

"So he walked in boldly,
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousie fast there—
'Cause he didn't think.

"Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to come inside
And hop upon the floor.
'Oh no!' said the mother,
'You must stay with me.
Little birds are safest
Sitting on a tree."

"'I don't care,' said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
'I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything.'
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink.
'Oh!' he cried, 'I'm sorry,
But—I didn't think.'

"And now, my little hearers,
You who hear this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes with thinking wrong?
And when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause you didn't think."

"Well, Clarence, I have had another beautiful letter from mother. She wrote me saying the sheet was wet with tears of joy, which she shed to think that God had answered her prayers. She gave me a great deal

of good advice. She told me a little fable. She said that one day the moon complained to the sun because it did not shine upon it, and the sun answered, 'The world is between you and me—that is the reason of the shade on your face,' and so, my dear mother said, if I wished for the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon me all the time, I must be careful not to have the *world between myself and Jesus.* She said we must be very careful of the companions we associate with. That we could not take fire into our bosom without being burned; and that, if we are intimate with those who are not Christians, we should soon feel their bad influence over us. 'Birds of a feather flock together.' I thank God for a praying mother. I have just written and told her this story that uncle told in the meeting the other night—

"In February, 1861, there was a great storm on the coast of England. At Hartlepool eighty vessels were wrecked. One, the *Rising Sun,* struck on the Longrear Rock. As she sank, all went out of sight except the topmasts. Rockets, bearing the life-line, were thrown out to the projecting masts, to which some men were clinging. Just then the masts fell into the water, and the men went down with them. The rocket-men on shore began to pull in their line, thinking their labour was all in vain, when suddenly they found that something was holding on to it. In a few minutes they brought in a boy clinging to the line. He seemed more dead than alive, but they soon brought him to.

"He was the only one saved of all on board. As

he came to his senses, he looked up into the faces of the old fishermen, and said, 'Where am I?'

"'Thou art safe, my lad.'

"'Where's the cap'n?'

"'Drowned, my lad.'

"'Where's the mate?'

"'Drowned,' said the man.

"'Where's the crew?'

"'They are all lost, my lad. Thou art the only one saved.'

"He raised his hands and cried out, 'MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING FOR ME.'

"Then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, while hundreds were standing around, and hid his sobbing face in his hands, as again he said, the tears streaming from his eyes, 'MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING FOR ME.'

"This is the story as it was told us, and, dear mother, I thank God that *you* too have been praying for me. I intend to live as near to Jesus as I can. I can tell you I do not forget to pray for you. I always loved you, dear mother, but I love you a great deal more since I became a Christian."

We must now bid adieu to Roger and Clarence. We have seen them on the Continent, interested in the many things that attracted their attention, and yet heedless about their souls' salvation. Again, we have seen them in London, feeling their need of Jesus, and learning to put their trust in Him, and then doing what they could to lead their friends to the cross. It has

been my earnest prayer, in which others have joined, that this book may be the means of leading many to say, "I am determined to follow these boys' example." The one object of it has been to lead each one who reads it to become a follower of Jesus.

Have YOU, my young friend, given your heart to Him? Again and again, as you have read these pages, you have seen how Christ "LOVED US, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR US." If you now truly love Him, then I hope you will read again this last chapter, which is more especially for young converts; and may it help you to live near to Jesus, and daily study His word. YOU CANNOT BE A STRONG, GROWING CHRISTIAN UNLESS YOU CULTIVATE A LOVE FOR GOD'S WORD.

It is also important that you engage in some regular work for the Master. Constantly attend some Sunday School. Do all you can to get others to join. Connect yourself with the people of God and unite with some Church, where you can obey the command of Jesus to *all* those and *only* those who love Him—

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME." *

Thus shall your life be filled with joy and happiness here, and finally, God grant we may meet and sing His praise in heaven! Work for Jesus, and you will find this verse true: "THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT; AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER." †

* 1 Cor. xi. 24. † Dan. xii. 3.

THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

12mo, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

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